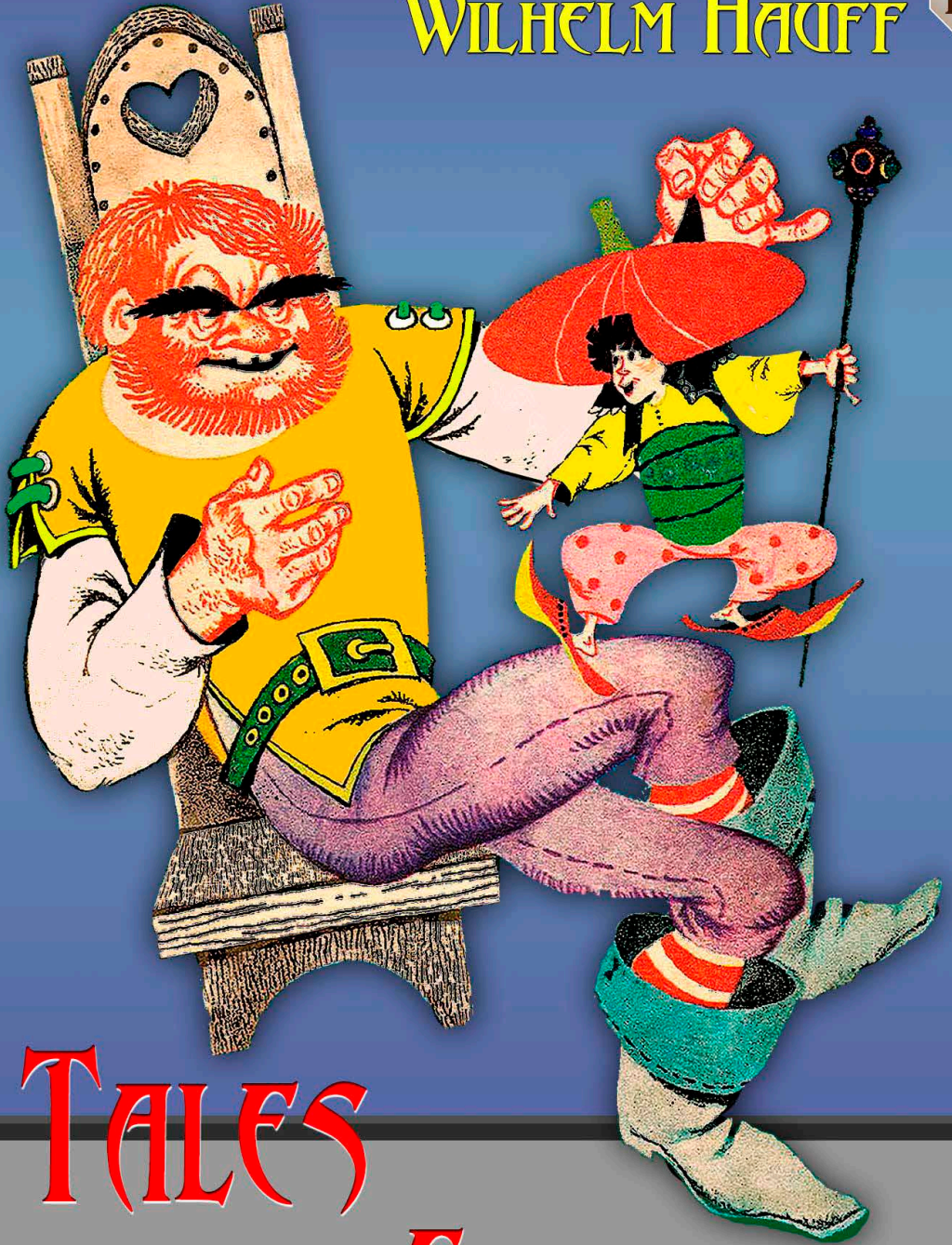


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WILHELM HAUFF



TALES  
OF THE CARAVAN,  
INN, AND PALACE



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Wilhelm Hauff



**Tales of the Caravan,  
Inn, and Palace**

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*Märchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1826  
für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände*

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**EDWARD L. STOWELL**

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Date of current version: *06-05-2021*

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## Translator's Preface

In introducing to American readers these charming and unique Tales, a few details may properly be given of their author's life and literary work. The record, though brief, is one of unusual interest.



Wilhelm Hauff was born at Stuttgart, Germany, in 1802, and received his education at Tuebingen. He graduated from the University, in 1824, with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and for the following two years filled the position of tutor in a nobleman's family. It was during the leisure hours afforded by this occupation that he composed the greater part of the works upon which his fame rests. In 1826 he published his *Märchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1826 für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände*, a translation of which is herewith tendered the American public, under the changed and abbreviated title of: "Tales of the Caravan, Inn, and Palace." In the same year, and closely following the "Fairy Tales," came *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan, Der Mann im Monde*, a second volume of "Satan's Memoirs," and a collection of short tales. These volumes appeared in such rapid succession as to obscure for a time the brilliancy of the "Fairy Tales;" but later editions of them acquired a widespread circulation, while their popularity is so constantly on the increase as to suggest the thought that in time they may prove a formidable rival of the "Arabian Nights," in the regards of the young, the world over.



The publication of "The Man in the Moon"—*Der Mann im Mond*—gave Hauff a national reputation; but when his *Lichtenstein, eine romantische Sage* appeared, shortly afterward, the Würtembergers hailed him as the coming Walter Scott of Germany. Whether he would have merited this fond and proud prediction of his countrymen, can not now be told. We only know that he seemed to recognize in the historical novel his true field of labor, and that he had already begun a second work of this nature, when he sickened and died, in the fall of 1827, before he had reached his twenty-fifth birthday.

Hauff stood on the threshold of his career as an author, in the dawning glory of his brilliant talents, when he was stricken down; yet his writings betray no sign of immaturity, and his collected works assure him a niche, high in the temple of literature. The art of investing localities with ideal characters who, in the reader's imagination, haunt the spot forever after, was a gift Hauff shared alike with his English brothers, Scott and Dickens. On crossing the *Pont des Arts*, in Paris, at night, one familiar with his works is apt to look about for the tall and graceful form of the "Beggar Girl," with her lantern, and the plate held out so reluctantly for coins. Or, if he wander through the rugged Suabian Alps, Hauff's *Lichtenstein* will be the guidebook he consults; and through the valleys and over the hills to the Nebelhöhle he will trace the flight of the stern Duke Ulerich, pausing maybe at the little village of Hardt to pick out if possible the piper's home, and to look sharply at every village maid, lest the kind-hearted little "Baerbele" should pass him unawares.

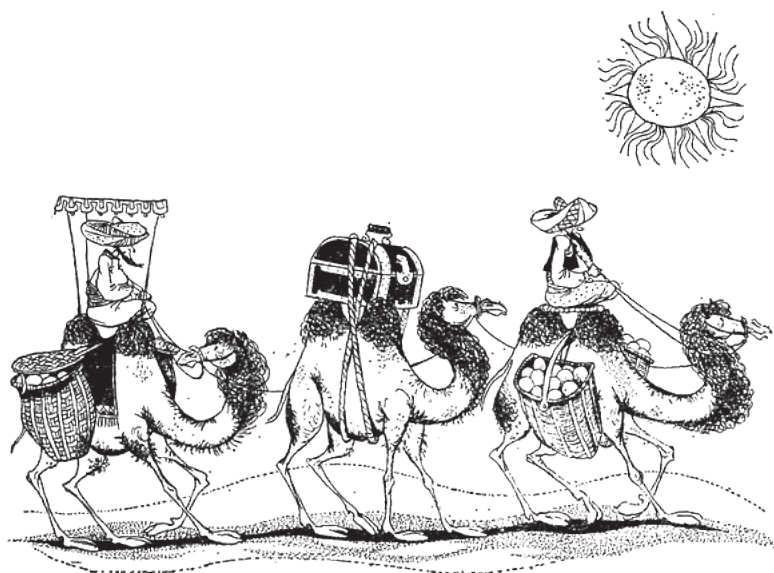
Some of Hauff's poems became quite popular in Germany, and several of his songs may be heard today rising on the evening air from out the beautiful valleys he loved so well.

Because of his genius and his early death, Hauff becomes associated in our mind with the English poets, Chatterton, Keats and Shelley; and in thinking of him we recall his own sad words:

*Oh, how soon  
Vanish grace and beauty's bloom;  
Dost thou boast of cheeks ne'er paling,  
Glowing red and white unfailing?  
See! The roses wither all!*

EDWARD L. STOWELL  
*Chicago, October, 1881*

## THE CARAVAN



Once upon a time, a large caravan moved slowly over the desert. On the vast plain, where nothing was to be seen but sand and sky, might have been heard in the far distance the tinkling bells of the camels and the ringing hoof beats of horses. A thick cloud of dust that moved before it indicated the approach of the caravan; and when a breeze parted this cloud, gleaming weapons and brilliantly colored garments dazzled the eye.

Thus was the caravan revealed to a man who galloped towards it from one side. He rode a fine Arabian horse, covered with a tiger skin; from the deep-red trappings depended little silver bells, while on the horse's head waved a plume of heron feathers. The horseman was of stately bearing, and his attire corresponded in richness with that of his horse. A white turban, richly embroidered with gold, covered his head; his coat and Turkish trousers were of scarlet; while a curved sword, with a rich hilt, hung at his side. He had pulled the turban down well over his face; and this, with the black eyes that flashed from beneath the bushy brows, together with the long beard that hung straight down from his Roman nose, gave him a fierce and uncouth appearance.

When the rider had approached to within about fifty paces of the vanguard of the caravan, he spurred his horse forward, and in a few moments reached the head of the procession. It was such an unusual occurrence to see a single horseman riding over the desert that the escort of the train, fearing an attack, thrust out their spears.

"What do you mean?" cried the horseman, as he saw this warlike reception. "Do you, then, believe a single man would attack your caravan?"

Ashamed of their momentary alarm, the escort dropped their lances; while their leader rode up to the stranger and asked what he wanted.

"Who is the master of this caravan?" inquired the horseman.

"It does not belong to one man," replied the guide; "but to several merchants who are returning from Mecca to their homes, and whom we escort across the desert, as it often happens that travelers are annoyed by robbers."

"Then lead me to these merchants," requested the stranger.

"That may not be done now," replied the guide, "as we must proceed farther on before coming to a halt, and the merchants are at least a quarter of an hour behind us; but if you will ride on with me until we encamp for our mid-day rest, I will then comply with your wish."

The stranger made no reply, but produced a pipe that was fastened to his saddle-bow, and began to smoke, meanwhile riding near the leader of the vanguard. The guide knew not what to make of the stranger; he hardly dared to question him directly as to his name, and no matter how skillfully he sought to draw him into conversation, the stranger would only reply to such attempts as: "You smoke a fine quality of tobacco," or, "Your horse has a splendid pace," with a short "Yes, certainly."

Finally they reached the spot where they were to camp for the noon. The guide posted the guards, but remained himself with the stranger until the caravan should come up. Thirty camels, heavily laden, and attended by armed guards, passed by. After these came the four merchants to whom the caravan belonged, mounted on fine horses. They were mostly men of advanced age, of sober and staid appearance. Only one seemed much younger than the others, and of more cheerful countenance and vivacious spirits. A large number of camels and pack-horses completed the caravan.

The tents were pitched, and the horses and camels ranged around them in a circle. In the centre stood a tent of blue silk cloth.

To this tent the leader of the guard led the stranger. As they entered through the curtain, they saw the four merchants sitting on gold embroidered cushions, while black slaves handed them food and drink.

"Who is it you bring to us?" cried the young merchant to the guide. Before the guide could reply, the stranger said:

"My name is Selim Baruch, of Bagdad. On my way to Mecca I was captured by a robber band, and three days ago I succeeded in making my escape from them. The great



Prophet permitted me to hear the bells of your camels in the distance, and thus directed me to you. Allow me to journey in your company. Your protection would not be extended to one unworthy of it; and when you reach Bagdad, I will richly reward your kindness, as I am the nephew of the Grand Vizier."

The oldest merchant made reply: "Selim Baruch, you are welcome to our shelter. It gives us pleasure to assist you. But first of all, sit down and eat and drink with us."

Selim Baruch accepted this invitation. On the conclusion of the repast, the slaves cleared away the dishes, and brought long pipes and Turkish sherbet. The merchants sat silently watching the blue clouds of smoke as they formed into rings and finally vanished in the air.

The young merchant at length broke the silence by saying:

"For three days we have sat thus on horseback and at table without making any attempt to while away the time. To me this is very wearisome, as I have always been accustomed after dinner to see a dancer or to hear music and singing. Can you think of nothing, my friends, to pass away the time?"

The three older merchants continued to smoke, seemingly lost in meditation, but the stranger said:

"Permit me to make a proposition. It is that at every camping place one of us shall relate a story to the others. This might serve to make the time pass pleasantly."

"You are right, Selim Baruch," said one of the merchants, "let us act on the proposal."

"I am glad the suggestion meets with your approval," said Selim; "but that you may see I ask nothing unfair, I will be the first to begin."

The merchants drew nearer together in pleased anticipation, and had the stranger sit in the centre. The slaves replenished the cups and filled the pipes of their masters, and brought glowing coals to light them. Then Selim cleared his voice with a generous glass of sherbet, stroked the long beard away from his mouth, and said:

"Listen, then, to the story of the *Caliph Stork*."





## THE CALIPH STORK

**O**ne fine afternoon, Chasid, Caliph of Bagdad, reclined on his divan. Owing to the heat of the day he had fallen asleep, and was now but just awakened, feeling much refreshed by his nap. He puffed at a long-stemmed rosewood pipe, pausing now and then to sip the coffee handed him by an attentive slave, and testifying his approval of the same by stroking his beard. In short, one could see at a glance that the Caliph was in an excellent humor.

Of all others, this was the hour when he might be most easily approached, as he was now quite indulgent and companionable; and therefore it was the custom of his Grand Vizier, Mansor, to visit him every day at this time.

As usual, he came today; but, as was unusual with him, his expression was quite serious.

The Caliph, removing the pipe from his mouth for a moment, said:

“Why do you wear so sober a face, Grand Vizier?”

The Vizier crossed his arms on his breast, bowed low before his master, and made answer:

“Sire, whether my face be sober or no, I know not. But beneath the castle walls stands a trader, who has such beautiful wares that I cannot help regretting that I have no spare money.”

The Caliph, who had long wished for an opportunity to do his Vizier a favor, sent his black slave below to bring up the trader. The slave soon returned with the man, who was short and stout, of dark brown complexion, and clothed in rags. He carried a box containing all manner of wares: strings of pearls, rings, and richly-chased pistols,

cups and combs. The Caliph and Grand Vizier looked them all over, and finally the Caliph selected a fine pair of pistols for Mansor and himself, as well as a comb for the Vizier's wife.

Now just as the merchant was about to close his box, the Caliph espied a small drawer therein, and desired to know if it contained still other valuables. By way of reply, the trader opened the drawer, disclosing a little box containing a blackish powder, and a paper covered with singular writing, that neither the Caliph nor Mansor was able to read.

"These two articles," explained the trader, "came into my possession through a merchant who found them on the street in Mecca. I do not know what they contain, but, for a small consideration, you are welcome to them, as I can make nothing of them."

The Caliph, who took pleasure in preserving old manuscripts in his library, even though he might not be able to read them, bought both the paper and the box, and dismissed the merchant. Then, curious to know what the manuscript contained, he inquired of the Vizier if he knew of anyone who could decipher it.

"Most gracious master and benefactor," replied the Vizier, "near the great mosque lives a man called Selim the Learned, who understands all languages. Let him be summoned; perhaps he might know these secret characters."

The learned Selim was soon brought.

"Selim," began the Caliph, "it is said that you are very learned. Look for a moment at this writing, and see if you can make it out. If you can read it, you shall receive a new holiday cloak from me; if you cannot, you will get instead twelve lashes on the back and twenty-five on the soles of your feet, for being misnamed Selim the Learned."

Selim made an obeisance, saying, "Thy will be done, O Sire!"

He then examined the writing long and attentively, suddenly exclaiming, "If this be not Latin, Sire, then give me to the hangman!"

"Read what is written there, if it is Latin!" commanded the Caliph.

Selim thereupon began to translate as follows:

*Man, whoever thou art, that findeth this, praise Allah for His goodness. He who takes a pinch of this powder, at the same time saying, MUTABOR, will be able to transform himself into any animal, and will also understand the language of animals. Whenever he wishes to re-assume the human form, he shall bow three times towards the East and pronounce the same word. But take care that thou dost not laugh while thou art transformed, or the magic word would vanish utterly from thy memory, and thou wouldst remain an animal.*

When Selim the Learned had read this, the Caliph was pleased beyond measure. He made the scholar swear never to mention the secret to anyone; presented him with a beautiful cloak, and then dismissed him. Then turning to his Vizier, he said:

“I call that a good investment, Mansor. I am impatient to become an animal. Come to me tomorrow morning early. We will then go together to the fields, take a little pinch of this magical snuff, and then listen to what is said in the air and the water, in the forest and field.”

## S

No sooner had the Caliph Chasid dressed and breakfasted on the following morning, than the Grand Vizier arrived, as he had been commanded to do, to accompany him on his walk. The Caliph put the box containing the magic powder in his sash, and after bidding his attendants remain in the castle, started off, attended only by Mansor.

They first took their way through the extensive gardens of the Caliph, vainly searching for some living thing, in order to make their experiment. The Vizier at last proposed that they go farther on, to a pond, where he had frequently seen many creatures, more especially storks.

The Caliph consented to the proposal of Mansor, and went with him towards the pond. Arriving there, they saw a stork walking up and down, looking for frogs, and occasionally striking out before

him with his bill. At the same time far up in the sky they discerned another stork hovering over this spot.

"I will wager my beard, Most Worthy Master," said the Vizier, "that these two storks will hold a charming conversation together. What say you to our becoming storks?"

"Well thought of!" answered the Caliph. "But first let us carefully examine again the directions for resuming our human form. All right! By bowing three times towards the East and saying '*Mutabor*,' I shall be once more Caliph, and you Grand Vizier. But, for heaven's sake! Recollect! *No laughing or we are lost!*"

While the Caliph spoke, he noticed that the stork above their heads was gradually approaching the earth. Quickly drawing the box from his girdle, he put a good pinch to his nose, held out the box to the Vizier, who also took a pinch, and both then cried out: "*Mutabor!*"

Their legs at once shrank up and became thin and red; the beautiful yellow slippers of the Caliph and his companion took on the shape of stork's feet; their arms developed into wings; their necks were stretched until they measured a yard in length; their beards vanished, while white feathers covered their bodies.

"You have a beautiful bill, Mr. Grand Vizier," cried the Caliph, after a long pause of astonishment. "By the beard of the Prophet! I never saw anything like it in my life."

"Thank you most humbly," replied the Vizier, bowing low; "but, if I dare venture the assertion, Your Highness presents a much handsomer appearance as a stork than as Caliph. But come; if agreeable to you, let us keep watch on our companions over there, and ascertain whether we can really understand *Storkish*."

In the meantime the other stork had alighted on the ground, cleaned its feet with its bill, smoothed its feathers nicely, and approached the first stork. The two newly-made storks now made haste to get near them, and, to their surprise, overheard the following conversation:

"Good morning, Mrs. Longlegs! So early in the meadow?"

"Thank you kindly, dear Clapperbill; I was just procuring a little breakfast for myself. How would a portion of lizard suit you, or a leg of a frog?"

“Much obliged; but, I have not the least appetite today. I come to the meadow for quite another purpose. I am to dance today before my father’s guests, and therefore wish to practice a little in private.”

So saying, the young stork stepped over the field in a series of wonderful evolutions. The Caliph and Mansor looked on in wonder. But when she struck an artistic attitude on one foot, and began to fan herself gracefully with her wings, the two could no longer contain themselves. An irrepressible fit of laughter burst forth from their bills, from which it took them a long time to recover. The Caliph was the first to compose himself.



“That was sport!” exclaimed he, “that money could not buy. It’s too bad that the stupid creatures were frightened away by our laughter, or they would certainly have tried to sing.”

Just here the Vizier remembered that laughing during the transformation was forbidden to them. He communicated his anxiety to the Caliph.

“Zounds! By the Cities of the Prophet, that would be a bad joke if I were compelled to remain a stork! Try and think of that stupid word, Mansor! For the life of me, I can’t recall it!”

“We must bow three times towards the East, calling: *Mu-mu-mu...*”

They turned towards the East, and bowed away so zealously that their bills nearly ploughed up the ground. But, O Horror! The magic word had escaped them; and no matter how often the Caliph bowed, or how earnestly his Vizier called out *mu-mu-mu*, their memory failed them; and the poor Chasid and his Vizier remained storks.

Sadly the enchanted ones wandered through the fields, without the slightest idea of what course they had better pursue in their present plight. They could neither get rid of their feathers, nor could they return to the town with any hope of recognition; for who would believe a stork, were he to proclaim himself Caliph? Or, even believing the story, would the citizens of Bagdad be willing to have a stork for their Caliph? So they stole about for several days, supporting themselves very poorly on fruits, which, on account of their long bills, they could eat only with great difficulty. For lizards and frogs they had no appetite, fearing lest such tit-bits might disagree with their stomachs. The only consolation left them in their wretchedness was the power of flight; and they often flew to the roofs of Bagdad, that they might see what occurred there. For the first day or two, they noticed great excitement in the streets, followed by sadness. But about the fourth day after their enchantment, while they were resting on the roof of the Caliph's palace, they observed down in the street a brilliant procession. Trumpets and fifes sounded. A man in a gold-embroidered scarlet coat sat upon a richly caparisoned steed, surrounded by a gay retinue. Half Bagdad followed him, and all shouted:

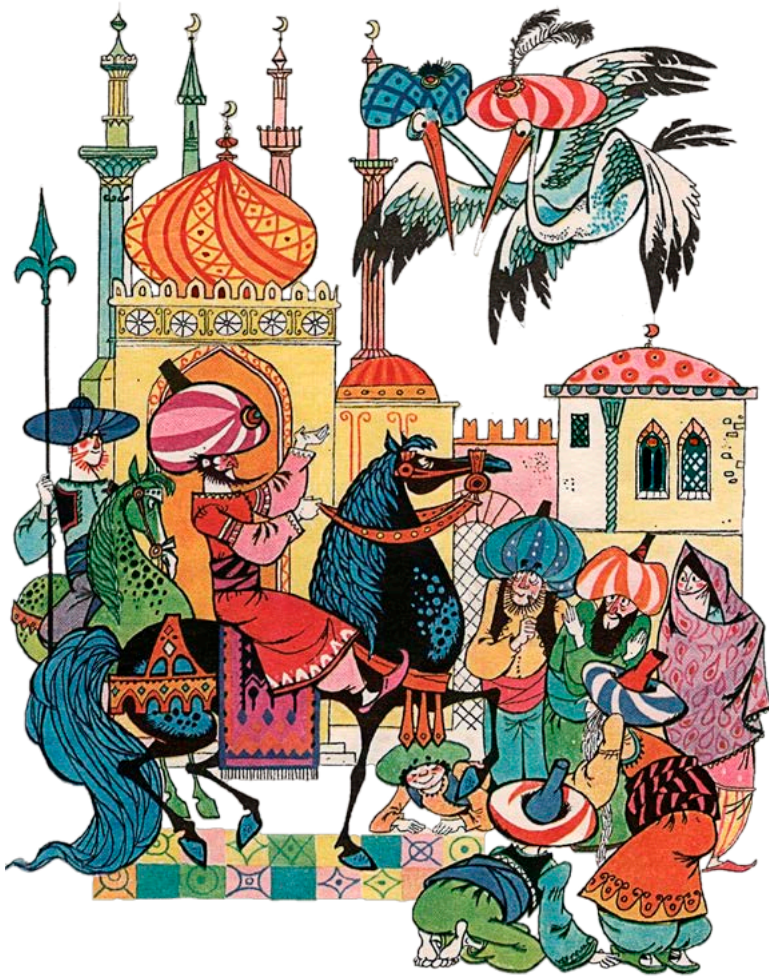
“Hail Mizra! Ruler of Bagdad!”

The two storks perched on the palace roof, exchanged a glance, and Caliph Chasid said:

“Do you perceive now the meaning of my enchantment, Grand Vizier? This Mizra is the son of my deadly enemy, who, in an evil hour, swore to revenge himself on me. But still I will not give up all hope. Come with me, thou faithful companion of my misfortune, we will make a pilgrimage to the grave of the Prophet. Perhaps in that sacred place the spell will be removed.”

They rose from the palace roof and flew in the direction of Medina. But so little practice had the two storks had in flying, that it fared hard with them.

“Oh, Sire!” groaned the Grand Vizier, after a few hours' flight, “with your permission I shall have to stop. You fly much too fast! And it is now evening, and we should do well to look out for a place on which to alight for the night.”



Chasid harkened to the request of his follower, and, perceiving a ruin that promised to afford a shelter, they flew down to it. The place they had selected for the night bore the appearance of having once been a castle. Beautiful columns rose out of the ruins, while several rooms still in a fair state of preservation, testified to the former splendor of the building. Chasid and his companion strolled through the passages, seeking some dry sheltered spot, when suddenly the stork Mansor stopped.



“Sire,” whispered he softly, “I wish it were not so unbecoming in a Grand Vizier, and even more in a stork, to fear ghosts! My courage is fast failing me, for near here there was a distinct sound of sighing and groaning!”

The Caliph also stopped, and very plainly heard a low sobbing that seemed to proceed from a human being, rather than from an animal. Full of curiosity, he was about to approach the place whence the sounds came, when the Vizier caught him by the wing with his bill, and begged him most earnestly not to plunge into new and unknown dangers. All in vain! For the Caliph, who even under a stork’s wing, carried a stout heart, tore himself away with the loss of a few feathers, and hastened into a dark passage. He shortly came to a door, through which he plainly heard sighs intermingled with low groans. He pushed open the door with his bill, but remained standing on the threshold in surprise.

In the ruined room, lighted but dimly by a small lattice window, he saw a large owl sitting on the floor. Large tears fell from its great round eyes, while in passionate tones it poured forth its complaints from its curved beak. But when the owl saw the Caliph and his Vizier, who by this time had stolen up, it raised a loud cry of joy. Daintily brushing the tears from its eyes with the brown spotted wings, it exclaimed in pure human Arabic, to the wonder of the listeners:

“Welcome, storks! You are a good omen, as it was once prophesied that storks would be the bearers of good fortune to me.”

As soon as the Caliph had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment, he made a bow with his long neck, brought his slender feet into a graceful position, and said:

“O owl of the night! From your words I believe I see in you a companion in misfortune. But, alas! Your hope that we can give you relief is doomed to disappointment. You will yourself appreciate our helplessness when you have heard our story.”

The owl requested him to relate it; which the Caliph did, just as we have heard it.



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## THE AMPUTATED HAND

I was born in Constantinople. My father was an interpreter at the Sublime Porte, carrying on at the same time quite a lucrative trade in ottar of roses and silk goods. He gave me a good education, devoting a part of his own time to my instruction, and also employing one of our priests to superintend my studies. At first he designed me to be the successor of his business, but as I developed greater talents than even he had expected, he changed his mind, and, by the advice of his friends, concluded to make a physician of me; inasmuch as a doctor, whose acquirements were greater than those of the quacks on the market-place, was sure of making his way in Constantinople. Many Franks came to our house, and one of them persuaded my father to allow me to go to the city of Paris, in his country, where the best medical education might be had gratuitously. He proposed to take me with him on his return journey, and the trip should cost me nothing. My father, who had traveled widely in his youth, assented to the arrangement, and the Frenchman told me I should have three months in which to get ready.

I was beside myself with joy at the prospect of seeing foreign countries, and waited for the day of our departure with great impatience. At last the Frenchman finished his business, and prepared for the journey. On the evening before we started, my father led me into his bedchamber. There I saw fine apparel and weapons lying on the table. But that which attracted my attention most was a large pile of gold, larger than I had ever before seen. My father embraced me, saying:

“See, my son, I have provided these clothes for your journey. These weapons are also yours; they are the same that your grandfather buckled on me when I went out into the world. I know that you can wield them; but never use them except in self-defense, and then strike hard. My fortune is not large; look, I have divided it into three parts:

one is yours, another is for my own support, but the third is a sacred trust, to be well guarded, and meant to serve you in the hour of need.”

Thus spoke my good old father, while tears stood in his eyes, perhaps from a presentiment that he would never see me again.

## S

Everything went well on the journey. We soon arrived in the land of the Franks, and six days afterwards we entered the great city of Paris. My friend rented a room for me there, and advised me as to the best disposition to make of my money, which amounted in all to two thousand thalers.

I lived for three years in this city, and learned what a qualified physician should know; but I should be guilty of untruth were I to say that I lived there contentedly, for the customs of this people did not please me. I had but few good friends there, but these few were noble young men. In all this time I had heard nothing from my father. The desire to see my home finally prevailed over all other considerations. I therefore seized a favorable opportunity to return. An embassy from the Franks was bound to the Sublime Porte. I

engaged as surgeon in the retinue of the ambassadors, and arrived safely once more in Stamboul.

I found my father's house closed. The neighbors were astonished to see me, and told me that my father had been dead for two months. The priest who had instructed me in my youth, brought me the key, and alone and bereft I entered the desolate house. I found everything as my father had left it, with the single exception of the gold that he had promised to leave me... That was missing. I asked the priest about it. He made a low bow, and replied:



“Your father died as a holy man, leaving his gold to the church.”

This was incomprehensible to me, yet what should I do? I had no witnesses against the priest, and must console myself with the reflection that he had not also regarded the house and goods of my father as a legacy to the church. This was the first misfortune that happened to me, but from this time forth, stroke followed stroke. My reputation as a physician did not spread, because I could not stoop to advertise myself on the market-place; and, above all, I missed my father, whose recommendation would have secured me admittance to the wealthiest and most influential families, which now never gave a thought to the poor Zaleukos. Then, too, my father's goods found no sale, as the old customers disappeared after his death, and to gain new ones would require time.

Once, as I was hopelessly thinking over my situation, it occurred to me that I had often seen countrymen of mine wandering through the land of the Franks, and displaying their wares in the squares of the cities. I remembered that their goods found a ready sale, because they came from a strange country, and that the profits on such merchandise were very large. My resolution was taken at once. I sold the homestead, gave a part of the sale money to a trustworthy friend to keep for me, and with the remainder bought such goods as were not common among the Franks; shawls, silk stuff's, ointments, oils etc. I then took passage on a ship, and so began my second journey to the land of the Franks.

It seemed as though fortune smiled on me again the moment we left the Dardanelles behind. Our voyage was short and fortunate. I wandered through the cities and towns of the Franks, and everywhere found ready purchasers for my wares. My friend in Stamboul kept forwarding me consignments of fresh goods, and day by day my financial condition improved. When I thought I had made money enough to venture on some larger undertaking, I went to Italy with my goods. I have omitted speaking on one thing that brought me in quite a little sum of money; this was my knowledge of medicine. When I entered a town, I scattered notices announcing the arrival of a Greek physician, whose skill had restored many to health; and my balsams and medicines brought me in many a sequin.

At last I reached the city of Florence. It was my intention to remain some time in this place, partly because the city pleased me, and partly for the reason that I wished to recover from the fatigue of my wanderings. I rented a shop in the Santa Croce quarter, and not far from it, in an inn, I found a suite of beautiful rooms that overlooked a terrace. I then distributed notices that advertised me as a merchant and physician. I had no sooner opened my shop than a stream of customers poured in, and although my prices were rather high, I sold more than others, because I was polite and affable with my customers.

I had passed four days pleasantly in Florence, when one evening, after closing my shop, as I was counting over the profits of the day, I came across a note, in a little box, that I could not remember having put there. I opened the note, and found that it contained a request that I would come to the Ponte Vecchio that night punctually at twelve o'clock. I studied for a long time over the matter; but, as I did not know a soul in Florence, I concluded that somebody wished to lead me secretly to a sick person, as had happened more than once before. I therefore resolved to go; but, by way of precaution, I took along the sword that my father had given me.

Shortly before midnight I started, and soon came to the Ponte Vecchio. I found the bridge deserted, and determined to wait until the person who had invited me there should appear. The night was cold; the moon shone bright, and I looked down at the waves of the Arno gleaming in the moonlight. The church clocks struck twelve. I raised my head, and before me stood a tall man, covered with a red mantle, a corner of which he held before his face. I was somewhat startled at first by his sudden appearance, but collecting myself immediately, said to him:

"If you are the person who ordered me here, tell me what it is you desire?"

The man in the red mantle turned about and said slowly: "Follow me!"

I felt somewhat uneasy about accompanying this stranger, and replied: "Not so, dear sir, until you first tell me where I am to follow you; and you might also show me your face, so that I may assure myself that you mean me no harm."

The stranger, however, assumed to be indifferent, and said, "If you won't go, Zaleukos, then don't!"

This aroused my anger. "Do you think," exclaimed I, "that a man like me will allow himself to be made sport of by every fool? And that I should wait here in this cold night for nothing?"

In three leaps I reached him, seized him by the cloak, and shouted still louder, at the same time laying my other hand on my sword; but the stranger had already disappeared around the next corner, leaving the cloak in my hand.

By and by my rage subsided; I still had the cloak, and this should furnish the key to this singular adventure. I put it on and started to go home. But before I had gone a hundred steps from the bridge, somebody brushed by me, and whispered to me in French: "Take care, Count; it can't be done tonight!" But before I could look around, this person was far away, and I saw only a shadow flitting by the houses. I saw at once that these whispered words were meant for the owner of the cloak, and did not in any way concern me; but they shed no light on the mystery.

The next morning I considered what would better be done in the matter. My first thought was to have the mantle cried in the streets, as though I had found it, but in that case the owner could have sent for it by some third party, and I should be no wiser for my pains. While I was thinking of this, I examined the mantle closely. It was of heavy reddish-purple Genoese velvet, with a border of Astrachan fur, and richly embroidered with gold. The splendid appearance of the cloak led me to think of a plan that I resolved to put in execution. I took the cloak to my store, and offered it for sale; but placed such a high price on it that I was sure it would find no purchaser. My purpose in this was to look everybody who asked about the furred cloak directly in the eye. I thought that as I had had a momentary glimpse of the figure of the unknown man after the loss of his cloak, I would know it among a thousand. There were many admirers of the cloak, whose extraordinary beauty attracted all eyes; but none of them resembled the stranger, and not one of them would pay the exorbitant price of two hundred sequins. It struck me as strange that when I asked one and another whether such cloaks were common in Florence, they all



answered, “no,” and assured me that they had never before seen such a rich and elegant piece of work.

As evening drew near, a young man, who had often been in my shop, and who had already bid high for the cloak, came in, and threw down a purse of sequins, exclaiming:

“Before God, Zaleukos, I must have your cloak, even if it beggars me.”



He at once began to count out his gold pieces. I was in quite a dilemma. I had only hung up the mantle in order that it might perhaps catch the eye of its owner; and along came a young fool to pay the monstrous price, but what could I do? I finally consented to the bargain, as from one point of view I should be well compensated for my night's adventure.

The youth put on the mantle and left, but turned on the threshold and detached a paper that was fastened to the mantle, which he threw to me, saying: “Here, Zaleukos, is something that evidently does not go with the cloak.”

I took the paper unconcernedly, and found the following words were written on it:

*Bring the cloak to the Ponte Vecchio tonight, at the appointed time, and you will receive four hundred sequins.*

I was thunderstruck. I had forfeited this chance, and, had not even attained my purpose. But not stopping to consider the matter, I gathered up the two hundred sequins, and rushed out after the man who had bought the cloak. “Take back your money my good friend,” said I, “and leave me the mantle, as it is impossible for me to part with it.”

At first the young man looked on this as a joke; but when he saw that I was really in earnest, he angrily refused to comply with my demand, treated me as a fool, and thus we speedily came to blows. I was so fortunate as to snatch the cloak away from him in the scuffle, and was hastening away with it, when the young man summoned the police, and we were taken to court. The judge was surprised at the accusation against me, and awarded the cloak to my opponent. But I

offered the young man twenty, fifty, eighty, yes, one hundred sequins, over and above his two hundred, if he would leave me in possession of the mantle. My gold accomplished what my entreaties could not. He took my sequins, while I carried away the mantle in triumph, contenting myself with the thought that even if all Florence considered me insane, I knew, better than they, that I should clear something by this transaction.

Impatiently I awaited the night. At the same hour as on the previous night, I went to the Ponte Vecchio with the mantle on my arm. At the last stroke of the clock, a form approached out of the darkness. It was undoubtedly the man I had met the night before.

"Have you the mantle?" I was asked.

"Yes," replied I; "but it cost me a hundred sequins cash."

"I know it," was the reply, "look here, there are four hundred."

He walked with me up to the broad balustrade of the bridge, and counted out the gold pieces. They glistened brightly in the moonlight; their gleam rejoiced my heart. Oh, I dreamed not that it was the last joy it would ever experience. I put the money in my pocket, and attempted to get a good look at the stranger; but he wore a mask, through which dark eyes darted a formidable look on me.

"I thank you, sir, for your kindness," said I. "What now do you require from me? But I say to you beforehand that it must not be anything wrong."

"Your anxiety is needless," replied he, as he placed the mantle on his shoulders. "I need your services as a doctor; still, not for a living patient, but for a dead one."

"How can that be?" cried I, in astonishment.

"I came with my sister from a distant country," began the stranger, beckoning me at the same time to follow him. "I lived with her here at the house of a friend. My sister had been ill, and yesterday she died suddenly. Her relatives will bury her tomorrow. But in accordance with an old custom in our family, all of its members must be buried in the tomb of their ancestors. Many who died in foreign lands were embalmed and brought home. I will permit our relatives here to keep my sister's body, but I must at least take to my father the head of his daughter, that he may see her once more."

This custom of cutting off the heads of beloved relatives seemed horrible to me; still I thought best not to offer any objections, lest the stranger should feel insulted. I therefore told him that I was acquainted with the method of embalming the dead, and requested him to conduct me to the deceased. Still I could not refrain from inquiring why all this was to be conducted so secretly and at night? He answered that his relatives, holding his views on this subject to be wicked, would prevent him from carrying them out by day; but when the head was once removed, they could say little more on the subject. Of course he might have brought me the head himself but a natural feeling held him back from removing it.

In the meantime we had reached a large and magnificent house, which my companion pointed out to me as the end of our night's pilgrimage. We passed by the principal gate, entering by a smaller one, which the stranger closed carefully after him, and ascended a spiral staircase in the darkness. It led into a dimly lighted corridor, from which he gained a room which was lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling.

In this room was a bed, on which the body lay. The stranger turned his head away, apparently making an attempt to hide his tears. He pointed to the bed; ordered me to do my work well and quickly, and walked out of the door.

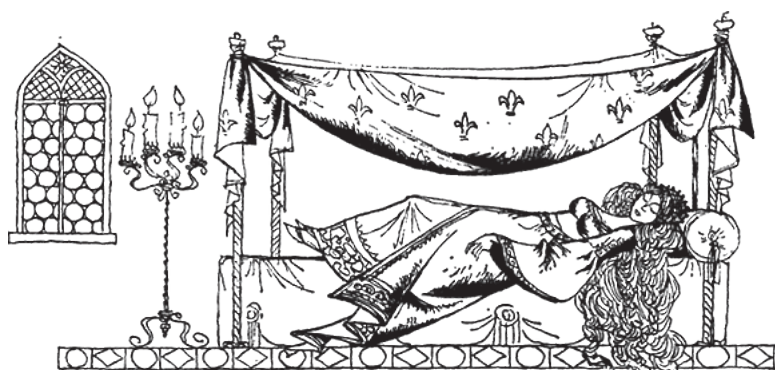
I took out my instruments, which as a physician I always carried with me, and approached the bed. Only the head of the dead girl was visible, but this was so beautiful that I was seized with the deepest pity. The dark hair hung down in long braids; the face was pale; the eyes were closed.

I first made a slight incision in the skin, as is the practice with surgeons when they are about to remove a limb. Then I selected my sharpest knife, and with one stroke cut through the windpipe. But what a tragedy! The girl opened her eyes, closing them again instantly, and with a deep sigh, now, for the first time, breathed out her life, while at the same time a warm stream of blood gushed from the wound. I was sure that



I had taken the life of this poor creature; for that she was now dead was beyond question, as there could be no recovery from this wound.

I stood some moments almost stupefied at what had taken place. Had the man in the red mantle betrayed me, or had his sister been lying in a trance? The latter conjecture seemed the most plausible. But I dared not say this to the brother of the girl; therefore I resolved to take the head completely off. But one more groan came from the dying girl, a spasm shook her form, and all was over. Overcome with horror, I rushed out of the room. But the lamp in the corridor had gone out, and there was no trace of my companion. In the darkness, I was compelled to feel my way along the wall to reach the stairway. I finally found it, and descended, slipping and stumbling. Nor was there anyone below. I found the door unlocked, and breathed freer when I once more stood upon the street. Urged on by terror, I ran to my rooms, and buried myself in the cushions of my couch.



But sleep fled from me, and the approach of morning warned me to compose myself. It seemed altogether likely to me that the man who had betrayed me into doing this atrocious deed would not inform on me. I resolved to go on as usual with my business, and if possible to assume a cheerful manner. But a new circumstance, that I now noticed for the first time, increased my terror. My cap and girdle, as well as my instruments, were missing, and I was uncertain whether I had left them in the chamber of the murdered girl, or had lost them in my flight. Unfortunately the first supposition seemed the more probable, and thus the murder would be traced to me.

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## THE RESCUE OF FATIMA

**M**y brother Mustapha and my sister Fatima were of nearly the same age. He was at the most, but two years older. They were devotedly attached to one another, and together strove, by every means in their power, to lighten the burden of our sick father's years.

On Fatima's sixteenth birthday, my brother arranged a celebration in her honor. He invited all her companions; served them with choice viands in the garden; and towards evening invited them to a ride on the sea, in a barge which he had hired, and decorated especially for the occasion. Fatima and her companions joyfully accepted the invitation, as the evening was fine, and the city viewed from the sea, especially by night, presented a magnificent appearance.

So highly did the young girls enjoy their ride, that they kept urging my brother to take them still further out to sea. Mustapha consented very unwillingly, as some days before a corsair had been seen standing off the coast. Not far from the city a point of land extended out into the sea. The young girls now expressed a desire to go there, that they might see the sun set in the sea. As they rounded the cape, they saw, at a little distance, a barge filled with armed men. With many misgivings, my brother ordered the oarsmen to turn the boat around and pull for shore. And in truth his fears did not seem to be groundless, for the other barge gave chase to them, and, having more rowers, soon overtook them, keeping in

a line between my brother's barge and the shore. When the young girls perceived their danger, they jumped up with cries and lamentations.



It was in vain that Mustapha tried to quiet them; in vain did he urge them to be quiet, as, by their running about, the boat was in danger of upsetting. His entreaties were not listened to; and when finally the other boat came near, they all rushed to the further side of Mustapha's boat and capsized it.

But in the meantime the movements of the strange boat had been watched from land, and as for some time past fears had been entertained of corsairs, several barges pushed out from shore to render assistance to my brother. They arrived just in time to pick up the drowning ones. In the excitement, the hostile boat escaped; and in the two barges on which the rescued had been placed, there was some uncertainty as to whether all had been saved. These two boats were brought side by side, and alas! It was found that my sister and one of her companions were missing. At the same moment a man whom no one knew was discovered on one of the barges. Mustapha's threats extorted from him the admission that he belonged to the hostile ship that lay at anchor two miles to the eastward, and that his companions, in their hasty flight, had left him while he was in the very act of assisting the young girls out of the water. He further said that he had seen two of them drawn into the boat to which he belonged.

The anguish of my aged father was intense. Mustapha, too, was nearly wild with grief—not alone because his beloved sister was lost—and he must blame himself as the author of her misfortune, but the companion of Fatima's sad fate was his betrothed, though he had never dared to mention that circumstance to our father, as the young lady's parents were poor and low-born.

But my father was a stern man. As soon as he was able to control his grief, he sent for Mustapha, and said to him: "Your folly has robbed me of the comfort of my old age, and the light of my eyes. Go! I banish you forever from my sight; I curse you and all your descendants; and only when you bring Fatima back to me, shall your father's curse be lifted."

My brother had not expected this. He had already formed the resolution of going in search of his sister and her friend, and had come to his father intending to ask his blessing on the undertaking;



and now he was sent out into the world with the weight of his father's curse on his head. But if before sorrow had bent him to the ground, this blow, so undeservedly given, steeled his soul.

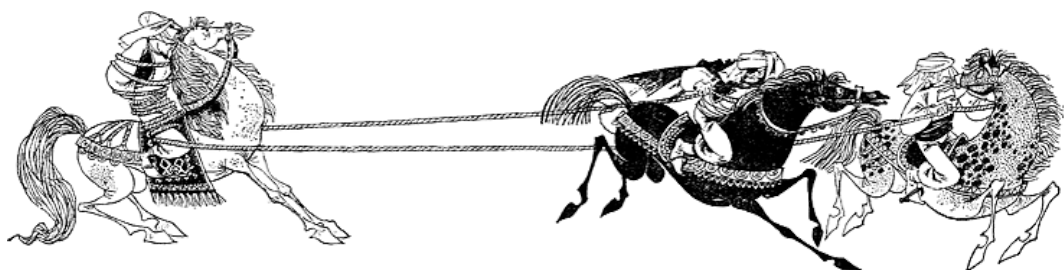
He went to the imprisoned pirate, to ask him where his ship was bound, and learned that she was employed in the slave trade, and usually made Balsora her market.

When he returned home to prepare for his journey, his father's wrath seemed to have cooled somewhat, as he sent him a purse of gold for his support on the journey. Mustapha then took leave of the parents of Zoraide, his secretly betrothed bride, and started on his way to Balsora.

As there was no ship from our small town bound directly for Balsora, my brother made the journey by land; and in order that he might not arrive too long after the pirates had reached there, he was forced to make very long day's journeys. Still, as he had a fine horse, and no luggage, he counted on reaching Balsora at the close of the sixth day. But on the evening of the fourth day, as he was riding along quite alone, he was suddenly attacked by three robbers. Observing that they were powerful men and well armed, and believing that their purpose was to take his money and horse, rather than his life, he called out that he would surrender. Thereupon they dismounted from their horses, and bound his feet together under his horse's belly. One of the men then seized the bridle of Mustapha's steed, and, with my brother in their midst, they galloped off in great haste without having once spoken a word. Mustapha resigned himself to a gloomy despondency. His father's curse seemed in process of fulfillment; and how could he hope to rescue his sister and Zoraide, when, stripped of all he possessed, he could employ only a miserable life towards securing their freedom?

Mustapha and his silent escort had ridden on for about an hour, when they turned into a side valley, which was shut in by high trees. A soft, dark-green sod, and a brook rushing swiftly through the middle of the valley, invited them to rest. Scattered over the green were from fifteen to twenty tents. Camels and fine horses were tied to the tent stakes, while from one of the tents sounded the pleasing melody of a guitar, accompanied by two fine male voices.

To my brother it seemed that people who had displayed such good taste in the selection of their camping ground could entertain no sinister designs on him, and he, therefore, cheerfully obeyed the command of his guides to dismount as soon as they had unloosed his bonds. He was led into a tent much larger than the others, the interior of which was fitted up neatly, even elegantly. Gold embroidered cushions, woven carpets and gold plated censors would have indicated elsewhere the wealth and respectability of their owner; but here they were plainly the fruits of robbery. On one of the cushions sat a little old man of repulsive appearance. His skin was tanned and shiny, and a disagreeable expression of Turkish slyness lurked about his eyes and mouth. Although this man attempted to appear dignified, it did not take Mustapha long to decide that this tent had not been furnished so richly for him, while the conversation of his guards seemed to confirm his observation.



“Where is the Strong One?” they inquired of the little old man.

“On the chase,” answered he. “But he bade me fill his place while he was gone.”

“He didn’t display much sense, then,” replied one of the robbers, “as it ought to be decided at once whether this dog shall die or be held for ransom, and the Strong One could decide that much better than you.”

The old man arose with an assumption of dignity, and reached out as if to grasp his opponent’s ear, or to revenge himself by a blow; but when he saw that his effort was fruitless, he began to curse and swear. Nor did the others remain long in his debt, but replied in kind, until the tent resounded with their quarrel.

All at once the door of the tent was opened, and a tall, stately man, young and handsome as a Persian prince, entered. His clothes and weapons were plain and simple, with the exception of a richly jeweled dagger and a gleaming sword; but his steady eye and whole appearance commanded attention, without inspiring distrust.

“Who is it that dares to make such a disturbance in my tent?” demanded he of the frightened participants.

For a little time there was deep silence; until finally, one of the men who had brought Mustapha in told him how the quarrel had originated. The face of the Strong One, as they called him, flushed with anger at this recital.

“When did I ever put you in my place, Hassan?” cried he, in a fearful voice, to the little old man, who, shrinking with fear, stole towards the door, looking smaller than ever. The Strong One lifted his foot, and Hassan went flying through the doorway with some remarkable leaps.

When Hassan had disappeared, the three men led Mustapha up to the master of the tent, who was now reclining on the cushions, saying: “We have brought you the man whom you ordered us to capture.” The Strong One looked for some time at the prisoner, and then said: “Pasha of Sulieika, your own conscience will tell you why you are the prisoner of Orbasan.”

When my brother heard this, he threw himself down before Orbasan, and answered “Oh, Master, you have made a mistake. I am only a poor unfortunate man, and not the Pasha whom you seek.”

All in the tent were surprised at these words. But the master of the tent replied:

“It will not help you much to deny your identity, as I will produce people who know you well.” He then commanded Zuleima to be brought. An old woman was led in, who, in response to the question whether she did not recognize in my brother the Pasha of Sulieika, said:

“Certainly! I swear by the graves of the prophets that he is the Pasha and no other.”

“Do you see, poor fool, how your stratagem is frustrated?” sneered Orbasan. “You are so miserable a creature that I will not soil my dagger with your blood; but when tomorrow’s sun rises, I will tie

you to my horse's tail and chase through the forests with you until the sun sets behind the hills of Sulieika."

At this announcement my brother's courage entirely deserted him. "This is the result of my cruel father's curse that is driving me to an ignominious death!" exclaimed he, in tears. "And thou, too, sweet sister, and thou, Zoraide, art lost!"

"Your dissimulation will avail you nothing," said one of the robbers, who was engaged in tying Mustapha's hands behind his back. "Get out of the tent quickly, for the Strong One is biting his lips and glancing at his dagger. If you would live another night, come quickly!"

As the robbers were leading my brother out of the tent, they encountered three others, who were pushing in a prisoner before them. "We have brought you the Pasha as you commanded us," said they, and led the prisoner up to the cushions where Orbasan reclined. While the prisoner was being led forward, my brother had an opportunity to observe him closely, and he was forced to acknowledge the striking resemblance which this man bore to him, only the stranger's complexion was darker and he wore a black beard.

Orbasan seemed much astonished over the appearance of the second prisoner. "Which of you, then, is the right one?" asked he, looking from one to the other.

"If you mean the Pasha of Sulieika," answered the prisoner, in a proud tone, "I am he."

Orbasan gazed at him some time with a stern, hard expression, and then silently beckoned the men to lead him away. When they had done so, Orbasan went up to my brother, cut his bonds with his dagger, and motioned to him to sit down with him on the cushions. "I am sorry, young stranger," said he, "that I mistook you for that monster. It was, indeed, a singular dispensation of fate which led you into the hands of my comrades at the same hour that was destined to see the fall of that traitor." My brother begged of him but one favor: that he might be allowed to continue on his journey



at once, as the least delay would prove fatal to his purpose. Orbasan inquired what the nature of the affair was that required such haste, and when Mustapha had told him everything, Orbasan persuaded him to remain in his tent over night, as he and his horse were in need of rest, and promised that in the morning he would show him a way by which he could reach Balsora in a day and a half.

My brother remained, was hospitably entertained, and slept soundly until morning in the tent of the robber chief. When he awakened he found himself all alone, but before the curtain of the tent he heard several voices, one of which belonged to Orbasan and another to Hassan. He listened, and heard, to his horror, that the little old man was urging upon Orbasan the necessity of killing him, lest he should betray them when he had regained his liberty. Mustapha felt sure that Hassan hated him, because he had been the cause of the little fellow's being handled so roughly the night before. Orbasan remained silent for some moments, and then replied: "No, he is my guest, and the laws of hospitality are sacred with me; neither does he look like an informer."

Thus saying, Orbasan flung aside the curtain and entered. "Peace be with you, Mustapha," said he. "Let us take our morning draught, and then prepare yourself to start." He handed my brother a glass of sherbet, and when they had drunk, they saddled their horses, and with a lighter heart than he had entered the camp, Mustapha swung himself into his seat.

They had soon left the tents far behind, and followed a broad path that led into the forest. Orbasan told my brother that the Pasha who had been captured had promised that he would permit them to remain undisturbed in his territory; yet but a few weeks after he took one of their bravest men prisoner, and hanged him with the most horrible torture. Orbasan had had spies on his track for a long time, and now he must die. Mustapha did not venture to oppose his purpose, as he was thankful to get away with a whole skin himself.

At the end of the forest Orbasan stopped his horse, described the way to my brother, offered him his hand at parting, and said: "Mustapha, you became the guest of the robber Orbasan under singular circumstances. I will not require you to promise that you will not betray what you have seen and heard. You were unjustly forced to suffer the

fear of death, and I am, therefore, in your debt. Take this dagger as a keepsake, and if you are ever in need of help, send it to me, and I will hasten to your assistance. This purse you may be able to use on your journey."

My brother thanked him for his generosity, and took the dagger, but refused the purse. Orbasan pressed his hand once more, letting the purse fall to the ground, and sprang with the speed of the wind into the forest. When Mustapha saw that Orbasan did not intend to return for the purse, he dismounted and picked it up, starting at the generosity of his host, as he found it contained a large sum of gold. He thanked Allah for his rescue, recommended the generous robber to His mercy, and continued on his way to Balsora with a lighter heart.



Lezah, the story-teller, paused, and looked inquiringly at the merchant who had spoken so bitterly of Orbasan. The latter said:

"Well, if all that be so, I will cheerfully reverse my judgment of Orbasan, for he really treated your brother handsomely."

"He behaved like a true Musselman," exclaimed Muley. "But I hope your story was not ended there, for we are all curious to hear

more; how things went with your brother, and whether he rescued your sister Fatima and the beautiful Zoraide.”

“If I do not weary you, I will willingly continue,” replied Lezah; “for this story of my brother is certainly adventurous and wonderful.”

With this, he continued his story.



At noon on the seventh day of his departure from home, Mustapha entered the gate of Balsora. As soon as he had reached a caravansary, he made inquiries as to when the slave auction, held there every year, opened. He received in reply the dreadful news that he had arrived two days too late. They deplored his delay, and told him that he had missed a fine sight, for on the last day of the auction two female slaves had been put up, of such extraordinary beauty as to attract the attention of all bidders. There was sharp competition for their possession, and the bidding ran up so high as to frighten off everybody but their present owner. Mustapha made more particular inquiries, until he had satisfied himself beyond a doubt that these slaves were the unfortunate objects of his search. He learned further that the name of the man who had bought them was Thiuli Kos; that he lived a good forty-hours' journey from Balsora, and was a rich and elderly man of rank, who had formerly been senior Pasha of the Shah, but had now retired from official life to live upon his means.

At first thought, Mustapha was about to mount his horse and hasten after Thiuli Kos, who had only a day the start of him; but, after reflecting that, alone and unattended, he could hardly approach so powerful and rich a man, and still less hope to rob him of his possessions, he tried to devise some other plan, and soon hit upon one that appeared feasible. The singular mistake of confounding him with the Pasha of Sulieika, which had been so nearly fatal to him, suggested the idea of visiting the house of Thiuli Kos, under this name, and then attempting the rescue of the unfortunate maidens. Accordingly he hired horses and servants—for which purpose Orbasan's money proved very useful—provided fine clothes for himself and servants, and set out for Thiuli's castle.



In five days he reached the vicinity of the castle, which was situated in a beautiful plain, enclosed within high walls, above which but little could be seen of the buildings. Arriving there, Mustapha dyed his hair and beard black, and painted his face with the juice of a plant, that gave him quite as brown a complexion as the real Pasha had possessed. Thereupon he sent one of his servants to the castle to request a night's lodging, in the name of the Pasha of Sulieika. The servant soon returned, and with him came four finely costumed slaves, who took hold of the bridle of Mustapha's horse, and led him into the court of the castle. There they assisted him to dismount, when four others conducted him up the broad marble steps to the presence of Thiuli. The latter proved to be a jovial old fellow, and he received my brother with due honor, and set before him the best that his cook could prepare.

After the table was cleared, Mustapha turned the conversation to the new slaves, and Thiuli boasted of their beauty, while complaining of their sadness; this, however, he believed would soon disappear. My brother was well pleased with his reception, and betook himself to rest, feeling very hopeful.

He had slept perhaps an hour, when he was awakened by the gleam of a lamp that dazzled his eyes. As he raised himself in bed, he believed that he must still be dreaming, for before him stood that little dark-skinned man whom he had seen in Orbasan's tent. He held a lamp in his hand, and his broad mouth was distorted by a horrible grimace. Mustapha pinched his own arm and pulled his nose, in order to convince himself that he was awake; but the apparition remained as before.

"What will you at my bed side?" cried Mustapha, as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Don't trouble yourself, Master," replied Hassan, "I have found out your purpose in coming here; nor was your worthy face forgotten by me. But really, if I had not helped to hang the Pasha with my own hands, I might perhaps have been deceived. Now I have come to put a question."

"First of all, tell me how you came here," returned Mustapha, furious at being betrayed.





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## LITTLE MUCK

In Nicæea, my dearly-loved native city, lived a man who was called Little Muck, I can recall him distinctly, although I was quite young at the time, chiefly because of a severe chastisement I received from my father on his account. This Little Muck was already an old man when I knew him, and yet he was not more than four feet in height. His figure presented a singular appearance, as his body, small and childlike, seemed but a slender support for a head much larger than the heads of ordinary people. He lived all alone in a large house, and cooked his own meals, and had it not been for the smoke that rose from his kitchen chimney at midday, the townspeople would have remained in doubt as to whether he still lived; for he went out but once a month. He was, however, occasionally seen walking on the house-top, and to one looking up from the street there was presented the singular sight of a head moving to and fro.

My companions and myself were rather bad boys, who took delight in teasing and making sport of everybody; so it was always a great holiday for us whenever Little Muck went out. We gathered before his house on the appointed day, and waited; and when now the door opened, and the large head, wrapped in a still larger turban, peeped out, followed by the rest of his little body, done up in a threadbare cloak, baggy breeches, and a wide sash, from which hung a dagger so long that it could not be told whether Muck stuck on the dagger or the dagger on Muck, when he thus made his appearance, the air echoed with our shouts; we threw up our caps, and danced around him like mad. Little Muck, however, returned our salute with a grave nod of the head, and shuffled slowly down the street in such great, wide slippers as I had never seen before. We boys ran behind him, shouting: "Little Muck! Little Muck!" We also had a jolly little verse that we now and then sang in his honor, which ran as follows:

*Little Muck, little Muck,  
Living in a house so fair,  
Once a month you take the air,  
You, brave little dwarf, 'tis said,  
Have a mountain for a head;  
Turn around just once and look;  
Run and catch us, little Muck!*

Thus had we often entertained ourselves, and, to my shame be it confessed, I behaved the worst, often catching him by the cloak, and once I trod on the heel of his slipper so that he fell down. This struck me as a very funny thing, but the laugh stuck in my throat as I saw him go to my father's house. He went right in and remained there for some time. I hid myself near the front door, and saw Little Muck come out again, accompanied by my father, who held his hand and parted from him on the doorstep with many bows. Not feeling very easy in my mind, I remained for a long time in my hiding place; but I was at last driven out by hunger, which I feared worse than a whipping, and, spiritless and with bowed head, I went home to my father. "I hear that you have been insulting the good Little Muck," said he, in a grave tone. "I will tell you the story of Little Muck, and you will certainly not want to laugh at him again; but before I begin, and after I am through, you will receive 'the customary.'" Now "the customary" consisted of twenty-five blows, which he was accustomed to lay on without making any mistake in the count. He took for this purpose the long stem of a cherry pipe, unscrewing the amber mouth-piece, and belaboring me harder than ever before. When the five-and-twenty strokes were completed, he commanded me to pay attention, and told me the story of Little Muck.



The father of Little Muck—whose proper name was Mukrah—was a poor but respectable man, living here in Nicæa. He lived nearly as solitary a life as his son now does. This son he could not endure, as he was ashamed of his dwarfish shape, and he therefore allowed him to grow up in ignorance. Little Muck, though in his sixteenth year, was only a child; and his father continually scolded him, because he who should have long since “put away childish things,” still remained so stupid and silly.

However, the old gentleman got a bad fall one day, from the effects of which he shortly died, and left Little Muck poor and ignorant. The unfeeling relatives, to whom the deceased had owed more than he could pay, drove the poor little fellow out of the house, and advised him to go out into the world and seek his fortune. Little Muck replied that he was ready for the journey, but begged that he might be allowed to have his father’s clothes; and these were given him. His father had been a tall, stout man, so that the clothes did not fit the little son very well; but Muck knew just what to do in this emergency: he cut off everything that was too long, and then put the clothes on. He seemed, however, to have forgotten that he should have cut away from the width as well; hence his singular appearance just as he may be seen today—dressed in the large turban, the broad sash, the baggy trousers, the blue cloak, all heirlooms from his father, which he has ever since worn. The long Damascus poniard, that had also belonged to his father, he stuck proudly in his sash, and, supported by a little cane, wandered out of the city gate.

He tramped along merrily the whole day; for had he not been sent out to seek his fortune? If he came across a broken bit of pottery glistening in the sun, he straightway put it into his pocket, in the full belief that it would prove to be the most brilliant diamond. When he saw in the distance the dome of a mosque all ablaze with the sun’s rays, or a lake gleaming like a mirror, he made all haste to reach it, believing he had arrived in an enchanted land. But alas, the illusions vanished as he neared them, while weariness and an empty stomach forcibly reminded him that he was still in the land of mortals. Thus hungry and sorrowful, and despairing of ever finding his fortune, he

wandered on for two long days, with the fruits of the field for his only nourishment, and the hard earth for his couch.



On the morning of the third day he discovered, from a hill, a large city. The crescent shone brightly on its battlements, while gay banners waving from the roofs seemed to beckon him on. In great surprise, he stopped to look at the city and its surroundings. "Yes, there shall Little Muck find his fortune," said he to himself; and summoning all his strength, he started on towards the city. But, although the town seemed near by, it was nearly noon when he reached it, as his little legs almost refused to carry out his will, and he was forced to sit down in the shade of a palm tree to rest. At last he reached the gate. There he arranged his cloak with great care, gave a new fold to his turban, stretched out his sash to twice its usual width, stuck the long poniard in a little straighter, and wiping the dust from his shoes, grasped his stick more firmly and marched bravely in.

He had wandered through several streets, but not a door opened to him, nor did anyone call out, as he had fancied would be done:

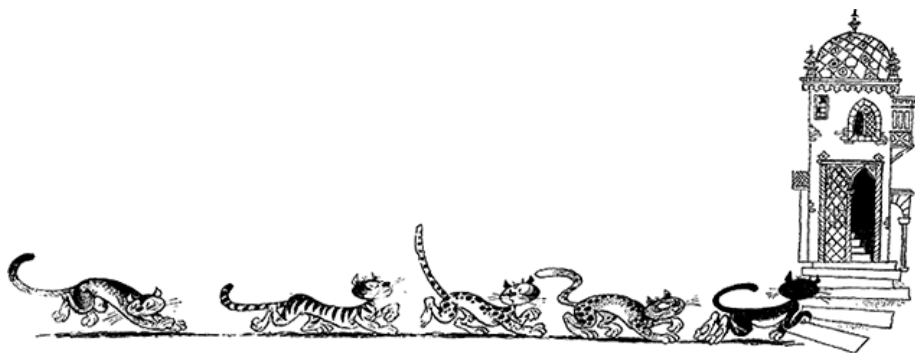
*Little Muck! Come in and eat,  
And rest your weary little feet.*

Once more he looked up very longingly at a large, fine house before him, when suddenly a window was opened, and an old woman looked down, calling out in a sing-song tone:

*O come, O come!  
The porridge is done,  
The table is spread,  
May you all be well-fed;  
O good neighbors, come,  
The porridge is done!*

The door of the house opened, and Muck saw many dogs and cats enter. He remained for some time in doubt whether he should accept the invitation, but at last he mustered up courage and walked

in. Before him went two little kittens, and he concluded to follow them, as they might know the way to the kitchen better than he did.



As Muck ascended the stairs, he met the same old woman who had looked out from the window. She looked at him crossly, and asked him what he wanted. "Why, you invited everybody in to partake of your porridge," answered Little Muck; "and as I was very hungry, I came in too." The old woman laughed and said: "Where in the world do you come from, you odd little fellow? The whole city knows that I cook for nobody but my dear cats, and now and then I invite company for them out of the neighborhood, as you see." Little Muck told the old woman how hardly it had fared with him since his father's death, and begged that she would permit him to eat with her cats today. The woman, who was pleased with the simple-hearted manner in which the dwarf told his story, allowed him to be her guest, and provided food and drink for him bountifully.

When he had eaten his fill, and felt much stronger, the old woman looked at him for some time before saying: "Little Muck, remain in my service; you will have little to do, and will be well provided for." Little Muck, who had found the cats' soup very nice, consented, and became the servant of Ahavzi. His duties were light, but quite peculiar. Ahavzi had, for instance, six cats, and every morning Little Muck had to comb their fur and rub in costly ointments; when the old woman went out he had also to look after the cats; when they were to be fed, he had to set the dishes before them; and at night it was his duty to lay them on silken cushions and cover them with velvet blankets. There were also a few small dogs in the house, which he had to wait upon; still,

these received but little attention as compared with the cats, which Ahavzi considered as her own children.

As for the rest, Muck led as lonely a life as he had suffered in his father's house; for, with the exception of the old woman, he saw only dogs and cats the livelong day.

For a little while, however, all went well with him. He always had enough to eat and but little to do, and the old woman found no fault with him. But after a while the cats became unruly; when the old woman had gone out, they would fly around the room as if possessed, throwing things about, and breaking many a fine dish that stood in their way. But whenever they heard the old woman coming up the stairs, they crouched down on their cushions, and wagged their tails, as if nothing had occurred. Ahavzi got very angry when she found her rooms in such disorder, and laid it all to Muck's charge; and though he might protest his innocence as much as he pleased, she believed her cats, which looked so harmless, more than she did her servant.



Little Muck felt very sad that he had failed to find his fortune, and secretly resolved to leave the service of Ahavzi. But, as he had discovered on his first journey how poorly one lives without money, he resolved to help himself to the wages which his mistress had often promised but never given him. There was one room in Ahavzi's house that was always kept locked, and whose interior Muck had never seen.



But he had often heard the old woman bustling about in there, and as often he would have given his life to know what she had hidden there. When he came to think about the money for his journey, it occurred to him that the treasures of Ahavzi might be concealed in that room. But the door was always locked, and therefore he was unable to get at the treasures.

One morning, when the old woman had gone out, one of the dogs—to whom Ahavzi accorded little more than a step-mother's care, but whose favor Muck had acquired by a series of kindly services—seized Muck by his baggy trousers, and acted as if he wished the dwarf to follow him. Muck, always ready for a game with the dog, followed him, and behold, he was escorted to the bedroom of Ahavzi, and up to a small door that he had never noticed before. The door was soon opened, and the dog went in followed by Muck, who was greatly rejoiced to find that he was in the very room that he had so long sought to enter. He searched everywhere for money, but found none. Only old clothes and strangely shaped dishes were to be seen. One of these dishes attracted his attention. It was crystal and in it were cut beautiful figures. He picked it up and turned it about to examine all its sides. But, horrors! He had not noticed that it had a lid which was insecurely fastened. The cover fell off, and was broken into a thousand pieces!

For a long time Little Muck stood there, motionless from terror. Now was his fate decided. Now he must flee, or the old woman would surely strike him dead.

His journey was decided on at once; and as he took one more look around to see if there were nothing among the effects of Ahavzi that he could make use of on his march, his eye was caught by a pair of large slippers. They were certainly not beautiful; but those he had on would not stand another journey, and he was also attracted by this pair on account of their size, for when he once had these on his feet, everybody, he hoped, would see that he had “put away childish things.” He therefore quickly kicked off his own shoes and stepped into the large slippers. A walking stick ornamented with a finely cut lion's head, seemed to him to be standing



too idly in the corner; so he took that along also, and hastened to his own bedroom, where he threw on his cloak, placed his father's turban on his head, stuck the poniard in his sash, and left the house and city as speedily as his feet would carry him.

Once free of the town, he ran on, from fear of the old woman, until he was ready to drop with exhaustion. Never before had he run so fast; indeed it seemed to him that some unseen force was hurrying him on so that he could not stop. Finally he observed that his power must have connection with the slippers, as these kept sliding along, and carried him with them. He attempted all kinds of experiments to come to a stand-still, but was unsuccessful; when as a last resort, he shouted at himself, as one calls to horses: "Whoa! Whoa! Stop! Whoa!" Thereupon the slippers halted, and Muck threw himself down on the ground utterly exhausted.

The slippers pleased him very much. He had, after all, acquired something by his service, that would help him along in the world, on his way to find his fortune. In spite of his joy, he fell asleep from exhaustion, as the small body of little Muck had so heavy a head to carry that it could not endure much fatigue. The little dog, that had helped him to Ahavzi's slippers, appeared to him in a dream, and said to him: "Dear Muck, you don't quite understand how to use those slippers; you must know that by turning around three times on the heel of your slipper, you can fly to any point you choose; and with this walking stick you can discover treasures, as wherever gold is buried it will strike three times on the earth, and if silver, twice!" Such was the dream of Little Muck.

When he waked up, he recalled the wonderful dream, and resolved to test its truth. He put on the slippers, raised one foot and attempted to turn on his heel. But anyone who will try the feat of turning three times in succession on the heel of such a large slipper, will not wonder that Little Muck did not at first succeed, especially if one takes into account his heavy head, that was constantly causing him to lose his balance. The poor little fellow got several hard falls on his nose, but he would not be frightened off from repeating his efforts, and at last he succeeded.



He whirled around like a wheel on his heel; wished himself in the next large city, and the slippers steered him up into the air, rushed him with the speed of the wind through the clouds, and before Little Muck could think how it had all happened, he found himself in a market-place, where many stalls had been put up, and a countless number of people were busily running to and fro. He mixed somewhat with the people but considered it wiser to take himself to a quieter street, as on the market-place every now-and-then somebody stepped on his slippers, so as to nearly throw him down, and then again, one and another, in hurrying by, would get a stab from his projecting poniard, so that he was continually in trouble.

Little Muck now began to think seriously of what he should do to earn some money. To be sure, he had a stick that would point out hidden treasures, but where might he hope to find a place where gold or silver was buried? He might have exhibited himself for money; but for that he was too proud. Finally his speed of foot occurred to him. Perhaps, thought he, my slippers may procure me a livelihood; and he resolved to hire himself out as a runner. Concluding that the king, who lived in this city, would pay the best wages, he inquired for the palace. At the door of the palace stood a guard, who asked him what business he had there? On answering that he was seeking service, he was referred to the head steward. To him he preferred his request, and begged him to give him a place among the king's messengers. The steward measured him with a glance from head to foot, and said: "How will you, with your little feet, scarcely a hand's breadth in length, become a royal messenger? Get away with you! I am not here to crack jokes with every fool." Little Muck assured him that he meant every word he had said, and that he would run a race with the fastest, on a wager. The steward took all this as a bit of pleasantry, and in that spirit ordered him to hold himself ready for a race that evening. He then took him into the kitchen, and saw that he was given food and drink, and afterwards, betook himself to the king, and told him about the little fellow, and his offer to run a race.

The king was a merry gentleman, and well pleased with the steward for affording him an opportunity of having some sport with Muck, and ordered him to make such preparations for a race on the

meadow, back of the castle, that his whole court could view the scene in comfort; and commanded him once more to pay every attention to the wants of the dwarf. The king told the princes and princesses of the entertainment that would be furnished in the evening, and they, in turn, informed their servants, so that when evening set in, all was expectancy, and everybody who had feet to carry them, went streaming out to the meadow, where staging had been erected in order that they might see the vainglorious Muck run a race.



When the king with his sons and daughters had taken their seats on the platform, Little Muck entered the meadow, and saluted the lords and ladies with an extremely elegant bow; universal acclamation greeted the appearance of the little fellow. Surely such a figure had never been seen there before. The small body and the big head, the cloak and baggy breeches, the long dagger stuck through the broad sash, the little feet enclosed in such huge slippers; it was impossible to look at such a droll figure and refrain from shouts of laughter. But Little Muck did not permit himself to be disturbed by the merriment his appearance caused. He stood, leaning proudly on his cane, awaiting his opponent. The steward, in accordance with Muck's wish, had selected the king's fastest runner, who now stepped up and placed himself beside the dwarf, and both awaited the signal to start. Thereupon, Princess Amarza waved her veil, as had been agreed on, and, like two arrows shot at the same mark, the two runners flew over the meadow.



Muck's opponent took the lead at the start, but the dwarf chased after him in his slipper-chariot and soon overtook him.

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## THE FALSE PRINCE

There was once a respectable journeyman-tailor, named Labakan, who had learned his trade of a clever master in Alexandria. It could not be said that Labakan was unhandy with the needle; on the contrary, he was able to do very fine work. Neither would one be justified in calling him lazy; but still everything was not just as it should be with the workman, as he often sewed away by the hour at such a rate that the needle became red-hot in his hands, and the thread fairly smoked, and would then show a better piece of work than anyone else. But, at another time—and, sad to relate, this occurred more frequently—he would sit plunged in deep thought, looking before him with a fixed gaze, and with something so peculiar in his expression and conduct that his master and the other journeymen were wont to say at such times: “Labakan is putting on airs again.”

But on Fridays, when other people were returning from prayers to their work, Labakan came out of the mosque in a beautiful costume, which he had taken great pains to prepare for himself. He walked slowly and with proud steps through the squares and streets of the city, and whenever he was greeted by any of his comrades with, “Peace be with you,” or, “How are you, friend Labakan?” he condescendingly waved his hand in reply, or gave his superior a princely nod. If his master said to him, “Ah, Labakan, what a prince was lost in you!” he, much flattered, would respond, “Have you, too, remarked that?” or, “That has been my opinion for a long time.”



After this manner had the journeyman conducted himself for a long time; but his master indulged his folly, as otherwise he was a good fellow and a clever workman. But one day, Selim, the brother

of the sultan, who was then traveling through Alexandria, sent a court costume to the master, to have certain changes made in it; and the master gave it to Labakan to make the alterations, as he did the best work. At night, after the master and his journeymen had gone out to refresh themselves after their day's work, an irresistible desire impelled Labakan to go back into the shop where the costume of the sultan's brother hung. He stood before it, lost in admiration over the splendor of the embroidery and the various shades of velvet and silk. He could not refrain from trying it on; and behold, it fitted him as perfectly as though it had been made for him. "Am I not as good a prince as anybody?" said he to himself, while striding up and down the room. "Has not the master said that I was born to be a prince?" With the clothes, the journeyman seemed to have adopted some quite royal sentiments; he could not banish from his mind the fancy that he was the unacknowledged son of a king; and as such, he resolved to travel about the world, leaving a place where the people had been so foolish as not to recognize his true rank under the cover of his present low position. The splendid costume seemed to him sent by a good fairy. He therefore took care not to slight so welcome a present, pocketed what little ready money he possessed, and, favored by the darkness of the night, strolled out of Alexandria's gate.

Wherever he appeared, the new prince created quite a sensation; as the splendor of his dress and his grave and majestic air were hardly in keeping with his mode of traveling. When he was questioned on this subject, he was accustomed to reply, in a mysterious way, that there were some very good reasons for his traveling afoot. But when he noticed that he was making himself ridiculous by his foot wanderings, he invested a small sum in an old horse, which was very well adapted to his wants, as, by its lack of speed and spirit, he was never forced into the embarrassing position of showing his skill as a rider—a thing quite out of his line.

One day, as he walked Murva (such was the name he had given his horse) along the road, he was overtaken by a horseman who requested permission to travel with him, as the road would seem much shorter if he could enjoy Labakan's company. The horseman was a merry young man, of pleasing appearance and conversation. He began



talking with Labakan, asking where he had come from and where he was going; and it soon appeared that he, too, like the journeyman-tailor, was traveling about the world without any definite plan. He said that his name was Omar; that he was the nephew of Elsi Bey, the unfortunate Pasha of Cairo, and was traveling in order to execute a charge that his uncle had confided to him on his death-bed. Labakan was not so communicative about his own affairs, but gave Omar to understand that he was of high descent, and was traveling for pleasure.

The two young gentlemen were well pleased with each other, and continued their journey together. On the second day of their acquaintance, Labakan inquired of his companion Omar about the trust he had to execute, and learned to his astonishment that Elsi Bey, Pasha of Cairo, had brought up Omar from his earliest childhood, and the boy had never known his parents. Now, when Elsi Bey was attacked by his enemies, and after three unfortunate battles, was forced to fly from the field, mortally wounded, he disclosed to his pupil that he was not his nephew, but the son of a mighty ruler, who, frightened by the prophecies of his astrologist, had had the young prince removed from the palace, with the oath not to see him again until the prince should have reached his twenty-second birthday. Elsi Bey did not give him the name of his father, but had most particularly charged him that he must be present at the famous pillar *El Serujah*, a four days' journey east of Alexandria, on the fourth day of the coming month of Ramadan, on which day he would be twenty-two years old. Arriving there, he should hold out a dagger to the men who would be standing on the column, with the words: "Here am I whom you seek;" and if they answered, "Praised be the Prophet, who preserved you," he should follow them, and they would lead him to his father.

The journeyman-tailor, Labakan, was astonished at this communication. He looked on Prince Omar, from this time forth, with envious eyes; exasperated that fate should have selected his companion, who already passed for the nephew of a powerful pasha, to shower on him the still higher dignity of a prince's son, while he, Labakan,



endowed with all the qualities of a prince, was degraded by a low birth and a common occupation. He made comparisons between himself and the prince, and was forced to confess that the prince was a youth of prepossessing appearance, with fine sparkling eyes, aquiline nose, a gentle and obliging manner—in short, all the external marks of a gentleman. But numerous as were the good traits he noticed in his companion, still, he whispered to himself, a Labakan would be far more welcome to a princely father than the real prince.



These reflections occupied Labakan's mind the whole day; and they were present in his sleep, at their next lodging-place. And when he woke, and his eye fell on the sleeping Omar at his side—sleeping so quietly, and dreaming, perhaps, of his happy fortune—the idea came into Labakan's brain to obtain, through stratagem or force, that which unwilling fate had denied him. The dagger, the token by which the home-returning prince was to be recognized, stuck in the sash of the sleeper. He drew it forth lightly, to plunge it into the sleeping breast of its owner. But the pacific soul of the tailor shrunk at the thought of murder. He contented himself with taking possession of the dagger, ordered Omar's fast horse to be saddled, and before the prince had awaked, his faithless companion had gained a start of several miles.

It was the first day of the sacred month of Ramadan when Labakan robbed the prince; and he had, therefore, four days in which to reach the pillar of *El Serujah*, the location of which he well knew.

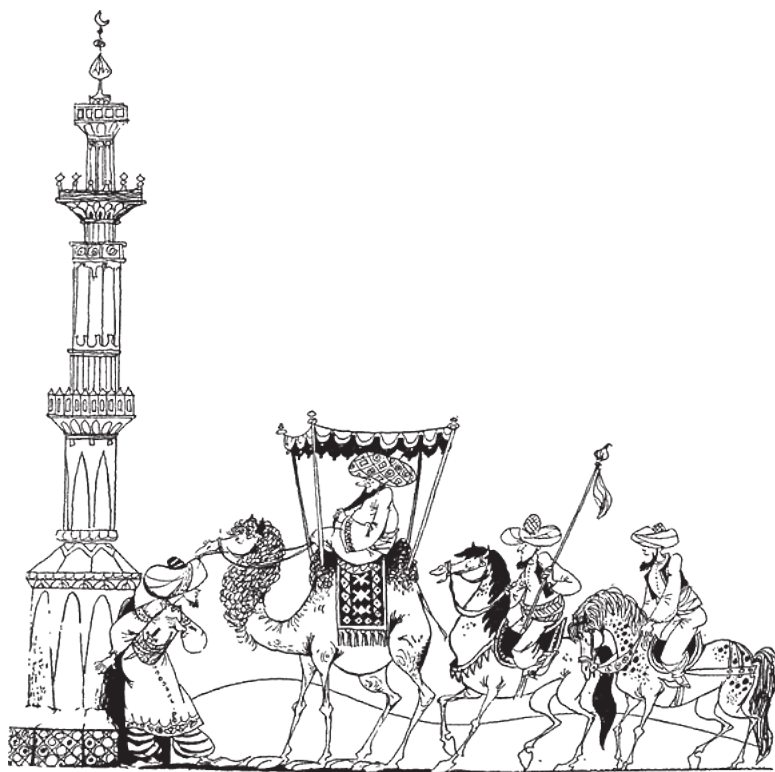
Although the distance could be easily covered in two days, yet Labakan fearing to be overtaken by the true prince, made all haste.

At the close of the second day, Labakan saw the column before him. It stood upon a small hill, in a broad plain, and could be observed at a distance of eight miles. Labakan's heart beat wildly at the sight. Although he had had time enough, in the last two days, to think over the part he was about to play, still his accusing conscience made him uneasy; but the thought that he had been born to be a prince hardened him once more, so that he went forward.

The region about the column *El Serujah* was uninhabited and desolate, and the new prince would have found himself in sad straits for sustenance, had he not made provision for a journey of several days. He went into camp, with his horse, under some palm trees, and awaited there his fate.

Near the middle of the following day, he saw a large procession of horses and camels coming over the plain, to the column of *El Serujah*. The train stopped at the foot of the hill on which the column stood; splendid tents were pitched, and the whole had the appearance of a rich pasha's or sheik's caravan. Labakan suspected that the many people whom he saw were there on the Prince Omar's account, and he would willingly have shown them their future ruler then and there; but he controlled his desire to step forth as a prince, as the following morning would certainly see his dearest hopes realized.

The morning sun woke the overjoyed tailor to the most important moment of his life—the moment that should see him lifted from an ignoble position to the side of a royal father. To be sure, the unlawfulness of the steps he was taking, occurred to him, as he saddled his horse to ride to the column; to be sure, he thought of the anguish Prince Omar would suffer, betrayed in his fair hopes; but the die was cast, and he could not undo what had already been done, and his vanity whispered to him that he looked stately enough to be presented to the most powerful king as a son. Encouraged by such thoughts, he swung himself into his saddle, mustered all his courage to stand the ordeal of a gallop, and in less than fifteen minutes he reached the foot of the hill. He dismounted from his horse and tied it to a bush, and then drew out Prince Omar's dagger and ascended the hill.



At the foot of the column stood six men around an aged man of kingly appearance. A splendid kaftan of cloth of gold, with a white cashmere shawl wound about it, and a white turban ornamented with sparkling jewels, denoted him to be a man of wealth and rank.

"Praised be the Prophet, who preserved you!" replied the old man with tears of joy. "Embrace your old father, my beloved son Omar!" The good tailor was much moved by these solemn words, and with a mixture of joy and shame sank into the arms of the aged prince.

But only for an instant was he permitted to enjoy undisturbed the delight of his new surroundings; for as he arose from the embrace of the elderly prince, he saw a horseman hastening across the plain towards the hill. The rider and his horse presented a singular appearance. The horse, either from stubbornness or exhaustion, could hardly be urged forward, but moved with a stumbling gait that could be called neither a walk nor a trot, while his rider was using both hands and feet to force him to a faster pace. Only too soon Labakan recognized

his horse, Murva, and the genuine Prince Omar; but the wicked Father of Lies once more took possession of him, and he determined that, whatever the result might be, he would maintain his pretended rights with a bold face.

The rider's gestures had been seen while he was still at a distance; but now, in spite of the feeble trot of his horse, he had arrived at the foot of the hill, thrown himself from his horse, and rushed up the hill.

"Stay, there!" cried he, "Stop, whoever you may be, and do not let yourselves be misled by the shameful impostor! My name is Omar, and no mortal may dare to assume my name!"

Deep astonishment was expressed in the faces of the bystanders, at the turn affairs had taken, and the old prince was especially perplexed, as he looked inquiringly from one to the other. But Labakan said, with forced composure: "Most gracious Sire and Father, do not allow this person to mislead you. He is, to my certain knowledge, a crazy tailor from Alexandria, called Labakan, and more deserving of our pity than our anger."

These words brought the prince to the verge of madness. Foaming with rage he attempted to spring on Labakan, but the bystanders interposed, and held him fast, while the old prince said: "Of a truth, my dear son, the poor fellow is mad; let him be bound and placed on one of our dromedaries; perhaps we may be able to render the unfortunate youth some assistance."

The anger of the prince was past. He threw himself, weeping, at the feet of his father: "My heart tells me that you are my father; by the memory of my mother, I charge you to listen to me!"

"Eh, God preserve us!" answered the old man. "He is beginning to talk strangely again; how does the fellow come by such stupid notions!"

Thereupon he took Labakan's arm, and was conducted down the hill by him. They both mounted beautiful, richly-caparisoned horses, and rode at the head of the caravan, over the plain. The hands of the prince were bound, and he was tied fast on one of the dromedaries, while two horsemen rode on each side, and kept a careful watch on all his movements.

The elderly prince was Saaud, Sultan of Wechabiten. He had lived for years without children, until finally a son, whom he had so ardently desired, was born to him. But the astrologer of whom he inquired the destiny of the boy, gave the opinion that "until his twenty-second year the child would be in danger of being supplanted by an enemy," therefore to be on the safe side, the sultan had given the prince to his tried and true friend, Elsi Bey, to be brought up, and for twenty-two painful years had waited for his home-coming.

All this the sultan told his pretended son, and expressed himself as well pleased with his figure and demeanor.



On arriving in the sultan's country they were everywhere received by the inhabitants with acclamations, as the report of the prince's arrival had spread like wildfire to all the cities and villages.



Arches covered with flowers and boughs were constructed in all the streets through which they passed, brilliant carpets of all colors adorned the houses, and the people praised God and His Prophets for sending them so beautiful a prince. All this filled the heart of the tailor with delight; but all the more unhappy did the real Omar feel, who, still bound, followed the caravan in silent despair. In the universal joy nobody troubled themselves about him who should have been the recipient of their welcome. Thousands upon thousands shouted the name of Omar, but he who rightly bore this name was noticed not at all. At the most, one and another would ask who it was that was bound so securely; and the reply of his escort, that it was a crazy tailor, echoed horribly in his ears.

The caravan at last reached the capital of the sultan, where a still more brilliant reception was awaiting them. The sultana, an elderly, venerable lady, awaited them with the entire court, in the splendid hall of the palace. The floor of this *salon* was covered with an immense carpet, the walls were tastefully adorned with a light-blue cloth, hung from great silver hooks with golden tassels and cords.

It was already night when the caravan arrived; therefore numerous round colored lamps were lighted in the *salon*, making it light as day. But the most lights were placed at the farther end of the *salon*, where the sultana sat upon a throne. The throne stood upon a dais, and was inlaid with pure gold, and set with large amethysts. Four of the most distinguished emirs held a canopy over the sultana's head, while the Sheik of Medina fanned her with a fan of peacock's feathers.

Under these surroundings, the sultana awaited her husband and her son. She had not seen her son since his birth, but the longed-for son had appeared in her dreams, so that she felt sure of knowing him amongst a thousand. Now the noise of the approaching caravan was heard, trumpets and drums mingled with the cheers of the crowd; the hoofs of the horses beat in the court of the palace; nearer and nearer sounded the steps of the expected ones; the doors of the *salon* flew open, and through the rows of prostrate servants, the sultan hastened to the throne of the sultana, leading his son by the hand.

"Here," said he, "I bring you the one for whom you have so long yearned."

But the sultana interrupted him with: "That is not my son! Those are not the features that the Prophet showed me in my dreams!"

Just as the sultan was about to upbraid her for her unbelief, the door of the *salon* opened, and Prince Omar rushed in, followed by his guards, from whom he had escaped by the exercise of all his strength. He threw himself breathless before the throne with the words:

"Here will I die! Let me be killed, inhuman father, for I can no longer endure this disgrace."



Everyone was amazed at this speech; they crowded about the unfortunate youth, and the guards, from whom he had escaped, were about to lay hold of him and bind him again, when the sultana, who had looked on all this in speechless surprise, sprang up from the throne.

"Stay, there!" cried she; "this and no other is the real prince; this is he whom my eyes have never beheld, and yet my heart has known!"



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## THE INN IN THE SPESSART



**M**any years ago, while yet the roads in the Spessart were in poor condition and but little traveled, two young journeymen were making their way through this wooded region. The one might have been about eighteen years old, and was by trade a compass-maker; the other was a goldsmith, and, judging from his appearance, could not have been more than sixteen, and was most likely making his first journey out into the world.

Evening was coming on, and the shadows of the giant pines and beeches darkened the narrow road on which the two were walking. The compass-maker stepped bravely forward, whistling a tune, playing occasionally with Munter, his dog, and not seeming to feel much concern that the night was near, while the next inn for journeymen was still far ahead of them. But Felix, the goldsmith, began to look about him anxiously. When the wind rustled through the trees, it sounded to him as if there were steps behind him; when the bushes on either side of the road were stirred, he was sure he caught glimpses of lurking faces.



The young goldsmith was, moreover, neither superstitious nor lacking in courage. In Würzburg, where he had learned his trade, he passed among his fellows for a fearless youth, whose heart was in the right spot; but on this day his courage was at a singularly low ebb. He had been told so many things about the Spessart. A large band of robbers were reported as committing depredations there; many travellers had been robbed within a few weeks, and a horrible murder was spoken of as having occurred here not long before. Therefore he felt no little alarm, as they were but two in number and could not successfully resist armed robbers. How often he regretted that he had not stopped overnight at the edge of the forest, instead of agreeing to accompany the compass-maker to the next station!

“And if I am killed tonight, and lose all I have with me, you will be to blame, compass-maker, for you persuaded me to come into this terrible forest,” said he.

"Don't be a coward," retorted the other. "A real journeyman should never be afraid. And what is it you are afraid of? Do you think that the lordly robbers of the Spessart would do us the honor to attack and kill us? Why should they give themselves that trouble? To gain possession of the Sunday-coat in my knapsack, or the spare pennies given us by the people on our route? One would have to travel in a coach-and-four, dressed in gold and silks, before the robbers would think it worth their while to kill one."

"Stop! Didn't you hear somebody whistle in the woods?" exclaimed Felix, nervously.

"That was the wind whistling through the trees. Walk faster, and we shall soon be out of the wood."

"Yes, it's all well enough for you to talk that way about not being killed," continued the goldsmith; "they would simply ask you what you had, search you, and take away your Sunday-coat and your change. But they would kill me because I carry gold and jewelry with me."

"Why should they kill you on that account? If four or five were to spring out of the bush there now with loaded rifles pointed at us, and politely inquire, 'Gentlemen, what have you with you?' or 'If agreeable, we will help you carry it,' or some such elegant mode of address, then you wouldn't make a fool of yourself, but would open your knapsack and lay the yellow waistcoat, the blue coat, two shirts, and all your necklaces, bracelets, combs, and whatever you had besides, politely on the ground, and be thankful for the life they spared you."

"You think so, do you?" responded Felix warmly. "You think I would give up the ornament I have here for my godmother, the dear lady countess? Sooner would I part with my life! Sooner would I be hacked into small pieces. Did she not take a mother's interest in me, and since my tenth year bind me out as apprentice? Has she not paid for my clothes and everything? And now, when I am about to go to her, to carry her something of my own handiwork that she had ordered of the master; now, that I am able to give her this ornament as a sample of what I have learned; now you think I would give that up, and my yellow waistcoat as well, that she gave me? No, better death than to give to these base men the ornament intended for my godmother!"

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed the compass-maker. "If they were

to kill you, the countess would still lose the ornament; so it would be much better for you to deliver it up and keep your life."

Felix did not answer. Night had settled down, and by the uncertain gleam of the new moon he could not see more than five feet before him. He became more and more nervous, kept close by the side of his companion, and was uncertain whether he ought to approve of the arguments of his friend or not. Thus they continued on, side by side for another hour, when they saw a light in the distance. The young goldsmith was of opinion that they should not prematurely rejoice, as the light might come from a den of thieves; but the compass-maker informed him the robbers had their houses or caves underground, and that this must be the inn that a man had told them of, as they entered the forest.

It was a long, low house, before which a wagon stood; and adjoining the house was a stable from which came the neighing of horses.



The compass-maker beckoned his comrade to a window whose shutters were open; and by standing on their toes they were able to look into the room. In a chair before the stove slept a man whose clothes bespoke him a wagoner—very likely the owner of the cart before the door. On the other side of the stove sat a woman and a girl, spinning. Behind the table, close to the wall, sat a man with a glass of wine before him. His head was supported in his hands so that his face could not be seen. But the compass-maker judged from his clothes that he was a man of rank. While they were peeping, a dog in the house began to bark; Munter, the compass-maker's dog, barked a reply; and a servant-girl appeared at the door and looked out at the strangers.

They were promised supper and a bed; so they entered, and laying their heavy bundles, sticks, and hats in the corner, sat down at the table with the gentleman. He looked up at their greeting, and they perceived him to be a handsome young man, who returned their greeting pleasantly.

"You are late on the road," said he; "were you not afraid to travel through the Spessart on so dark a night? For my part, I would have stabled my horse in this tavern before I would have ridden an hour longer."

"You are quite right in that, sir," responded the compass-maker. "The hoof beats of a fine horse are music in the ears of these highwaymen, and lure them from a great distance; but when a couple of poor journeymen like us steal through the woods—people to whom the robbers would sooner think of making a present than of taking anything from them—then, they do not lift a foot."

"That is very likely," chimed in the wagoner, who, awakened by the arrival of the journeymen, had taken a seat at the table. "They could not very well be attracted by a poor man's purse, but there have been instances of robbers killing poor people, simply out of thirst for blood, and of forcing others to join the band and serve as robbers."

"Well, if such are the deeds of these people in the forest, then this house will not afford us very good protection," observed the young goldsmith. "There are only four of us, or, counting the hostler, five; and if ten men were to attack us here, what could we do against them? And more than this," he added, in a low tone, "who can guarantee that the people of this inn are honest?"

"Nothing to fear there," returned the wagoner. "I have known this tavern for more than ten years, and have never seen anything wrong about it. The master of the house is seldom at home; they say he carries on a wine trade; but his wife is a quiet woman who would not harm anyone. No, you do them a wrong, sir."

"And yet," interposed the young gentleman, "I should not like to brush aside so lightly what he said. Don't you remember the reports about those people who suddenly disappeared in this forest and left no trace behind them? Several of them had previously announced their intention of passing the night at this inn; and as two or three weeks passed by without their being heard from, they were searched for, and inquiries made at this inn, when they were assured that the missing men had never been here. It looks suspicious, to say the least."

"God knows," cried the compass-maker, "we should do a much more sensible thing if we were to camp out under the next best tree

we came to, than to remain within these four walls, where there is no chance of running away when they are once at the door, for the windows are grated."

All grew very thoughtful over these speeches. It did not seem so very improbable, after all, that these tavern people in the forest, be it under compulsion or of their free accord, were in league with the robbers. The nighttime seemed particularly dangerous to them, for they had all heard many stories of travellers who had been attacked and murdered in their sleep; and even if their lives were not endangered, yet most of the guests of the inn were possessed of such moderate means that the robbery of even a part of their property would have been a very serious loss to them. They looked dolefully into their glasses. The young gentleman wished himself on the back of his horse, trotting through a safe open valley. The compass-maker wished for twelve of his sturdy comrades, armed with clubs, for a bodyguard. Felix, the goldsmith, was more anxious for the safety of the ornament designed for his benefactress, than for his own life. But the wagoner, who had been blowing clouds of smoke before him, said softly: "Gentlemen, at least they shall not surprise us asleep. I, for my part, will remain awake the whole night, if one other will keep watch with me."



"I will"—"I too," cried the three others. "And I could not go to sleep," added the young gentleman.

"Well we had better contrive some means of keeping awake," said the wagoner. "I think while we number just four people, we might play cards, that would keep us awake and while away the time."

"I never play cards," said the young gentleman, "therefore you would have to count me out."

"Nor do I know anything about cards," added Felix.

"What can we do, then, if we don't play cards," asked the compass-maker. "Sing? That wouldn't do, for it would only attract the attention of the robbers. Give one another riddles to guess? That would not last very long. How would it do if we were to tell stories? Humorous

or pathetic, true or imaginative, they would keep us awake and pass away the time as well as cards."

"I am agreed, if you will begin," said the young gentleman, smiling. "You gentlemen of trades visit all countries, and have something to tell; for every town has its own legends and tales."

"Yes, certainly, one hears a great deal," replied the compass-maker. "But, on the other hand, gentlemen like you study diligently in books, where really wonderful things are written; therefore, you would know how to tell a wiser and more entertaining story than a plain journeyman, such as one of us, could pretend to—for unless I am much mistaken you are a student, a scholar."

"A scholar, no," laughed the young gentleman; "but certainly a student, and am now on my way home for the vacation. But what one reads in books does not answer for the purpose of a story nearly as well as what one hears. Therefore begin, if the other gentlemen are inclined to listen."

"Still more than with cards," responded the wagoner, "am I pleased when I hear a good story told. I often keep my team down to a miserably slow pace, that I may listen to one who walks near by, and has a fine story to tell; and I have taken many a person into my wagon, in bad weather, with the understanding that he should tell me a story; and one of my comrades I love very dearly, for the reason that he knows stories that last for seven hours and even longer."

"That is also my case," added the young goldsmith. "I love stories as I do my life; and my master in Würzburg had to forbid me books lest I should neglect my work. So tell us something fine, compass-maker; I know that you could tell stories from now until daybreak before your stock gave out."

The compass-maker complied by emptying his glass and beginning his story.





## THE HIRSCH-GULDEN<sup>1</sup>

In Upper-Suabia still stands the walls of a castle that was once the stateliest of the surrounding country, Hohen-Zollern. It rose from the summit of a round steep mountain, from whence one had a distant and unobstructed view of the country. Farther than this castle could be seen from the encircling horizon, was the brave race of the Zollerns feared; and their name was known and honored in all German countries.

There lived several hundred years ago, in this castle, a Zollern, who was by nature a singular man. One could not say that he oppressed his subjects, or that he lived at war with his neighbors; yet no one trusted him, on account of his sullen look, his knitted brow, and his moody, crusty manner. There were few people, outside of the castle servants, who had ever heard him speak properly like other people; for when he rode through the valley, if one met him, gave him the road, and said to him with uncovered head, "Good evening, Sir Count! It is a fine day," he would answer, "Stupid stuff," or, "I know it already." If, however, one had been inattentive to his wants or had neglected his charger, or if a peasant with his cart met him on a narrow road, so that the count could not pass him quickly enough, he broke out into a torrent of curses. Yet it was never said of him on these occasions that he had struck a peasant. But all through this region he was called "The Tempest of Zollern."

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[1] Gulden: A German and Dutch term for gold coin (from Middle High German *guldin*); Hirsch-guldens were coins with a deer head imprint, which served as a currency in the 17th and 18th centuries in Württemberg and Saxony. Used in context as symbol for a coin with insignificant value.



The Tempest of Zollern had a wife who was a complete contrast to himself, and as mild and pleasant as a May morning. Often by her friendly words and her kind glance had she reconciled to her husband people whom he, by his rude speech, had deeply insulted. To the poor she did all the good in her power; nor could the warmest days of summer or the most terrible snow storms of winter prevent her from descending the steep mountain to visit poor people or sick children. If the count met her on these errands, he would say in a surly manner, "Know already—stupid stuff," and proceed on his way.

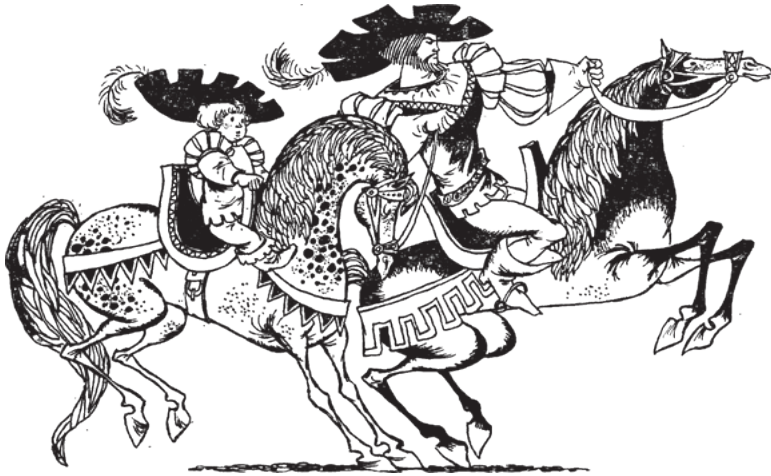
Many ladies would have been discouraged or intimidated by such a crusty manner; one would have thought, "why should I concern myself with poor people when my husband calls it all stupid stuff?" another, through pride or sorrow, might have lost her love for so moody a husband; but not so with the Countess Hedwig of Zollern. She was constant in her affection, strove to smooth the lines on his brow with her beautiful white hand, and loved and honored him. And when after a long time Heaven bestowed upon them the gift of a son, she loved her husband none the less while conferring all the duties of a tender mother on her little boy.

Three years went by, and the Count of Zollern saw his son only on Sunday afternoons, when the child was handed to him by the nurse. He looked at him without changing a feature of his face, growled something through his beard, and gave him back to the nurse. But when the boy was able to say "father," the count gave the nurse a gulden, but showed no pleasanter face to the boy.

On his third birthday, however, the count had his son put on the first pair of breeches and had him dressed splendidly in velvet and silk. Then he ordered his horse, and also another fine horse for his son, took the child up on his arm, and began to descend the spiral staircase. The countess was astonished as she saw this. She was not accustomed to inquire where he was going and when he would return; but this time anxiety for her child opened her lips.

“Are you going to ride out, Sir Count?” she asked. He made no reply. “For what purpose do you take the child?” continued she, “Cuno will take a walk with me.”

“Know already,” replied the Tempest of Zollern; and kept on his way till he stood in the courtyard, where he took the boy by one of his little feet and lifted him into the saddle, bound him fast, and then swinging himself on his horse, trotted out of the castle gate with the bridle of his son’s horse in his hand.



At first the little fellow regarded it as a great treat to ride down the mountain with his father. He clapped his hands, laughed, shook the mane of his horse to make him go faster, all of which pleased the count so much that he called out several times: “You will make a brave lad!”

But when they came to the foot of the mountain, and the count’s horse began to trot, the boy lost his courage, and begged, at first very quietly, that his father would ride slower; but as the count spurred on his horse, and the strong wind nearly took poor Cuno’s breath away, the boy began to cry, became more and more impatient, and finally howled at the top of his lungs.

“Know already! Stupid stuff!” began his father. “The young one howls on his first ride; be still, or...”

But in the moment he was about to stop the boy’s cries by a curse, his horse reared, and the bridle of his son’s horse slipped from

his hand. He gave his attention to quieting his horse, and when he had mastered it and looked around for his child, he saw the other horse running up the mountain without its little rider.

Stern and unfeeling as was the Count of Zollern, this sight struck him to the heart. He believed his son had been dashed to the ground and killed. He pulled his beard and groaned; but nowhere could he find a trace of the boy. He had just began to think that the frightened horse had thrown him into the ditch that ran along the road, full of water, when he heard a child's voice call his name, and as he quickly turned, there sat an old woman under a tree, not far from the road, rocking the child on her knees.

"How do you come by that boy, old witch?" shouted the count angrily. "Bring him to me at once."

"Not so fast, not so fast, your Honor!" laughed the ugly old woman, "or you too might meet with an accident on your proud horse. How did I come by the boy, did you ask? Well, his horse ran by and he was hanging down by one little foot, with his hair touching the ground, when I caught him in my apron."

"Know already!" cried the Count of Zollern, ill-humoredly. "Bring him here now; I can not very well dismount, my horse is wild and might kick him."

"Give me a hirsch-gulden, then," pleaded the woman humbly.

"Stupid stuff!" cried the count, and flung some copper coins to her under the tree.

"Oh, no! Come, I could make good use of a hirsch-gulden," continued the old woman.

"What, a hirsch-gulden! You are not worth that much yourself!" said the count angrily. "Quick with that child, or I will set the dogs on you!"

"So, I am not worth a hirsch-gulden, eh?" replied the old woman with a mocking laugh. "Well, it shall be seen what part of your heritage is worth a hirsch-gulden; but there, keep your money!" So saying, she tossed the three copper coins to the count; and so well could the old woman throw, that all three of the coins fell into the purse that the count still held in his hand.



The count was struck dumb with astonishment at this exhibition of skill, but at last his surprise was changed into anger. He grasped his gun, cocked it, and took aim at the old woman. But she, unmoved, hugged and kissed the boy, holding him up before her so as to protect herself from the bullet. "You are a good little fellow," said she. "Only remain so, and you will never want for anything." Then she let him go, shook her finger threateningly at the count, and said: "Zollern, Zollern! You owe me a hirsch-gulden!" With that she moved off slowly into the forest, leaning on a staff of boxwood. Conrad, the attendant, dismounted from his horse trembling, lifted his little master into the saddle, vaulted up behind him, and followed the count up to the castle.

This was the first and last time that the Tempest of Zollern took his son out riding with him; for because the boy had cried when his horse broke into a trot, the count regarded him as a spiritless child out of whom nothing was to be made, and looked on him with displeasure; and when the boy, who loved his father dearly, came in a friendly, coaxing way to his knee, he would motion him to go away, exclaiming: "Know it already! Stupid stuff!"

The countess had patiently borne all the unpleasant caprices of her husband, but this unfatherly behavior towards an innocent child affected her deeply. She fell sick several times with terror, when the sullen count had punished the boy severely for some trivial offense, and died at last in her best years, and was mourned by her servants, by the people for miles around, but especially by her little son.

From this time forth the aversion of the count for his son steadily progressed. He turned the lad over to the nurse and the house-chaplain to bring up, and looked after him but little himself—especially as shortly after his wife's death he married a rich young lady, who in a twelvemonth presented him with twins.

Cuno's favorite walk was to the house of the old woman who had once saved his life. She told him manythings about his dead mother, and how much the countess had done for her. The men and maid-servants often warned him that he should not visit the Frau Feldheimerin so often, because she



was nothing more nor less than a witch; but the boy was not frightened by their tales, as the chaplain had taught him that there were no witches, and that the stories that certain women could bewitch one, and ride through the air on broomsticks to the Brocken Mountains, were lies.

To be sure, he had seen many things about Frau Feldheimerin that he could not understand; the trick with the three coins that she had thrown so cleverly into his father's purse, he remembered distinctly.

Then too she could prepare all manner of salves and decoctions with which she healed people and cattle; but it was not true, as was said of her, that she had a weatherpan, which, whenever she placed it over the fire, produced a terrible thunderstorm. She taught the little count much that was useful to him—various remedies for sick horses, a drink to cure hydrophobia, a bait for fishes, and many other things. The Frau Feldheimerin was soon his only company, for his nurse died, and his step-mother did not trouble herself much about him.

With his half-brothers, Cuno had a more sorrowful life than before. They had the good fortune to stick to their horses on their first ride, and the Tempest of Zollern, therefore, regarded them as apt and promising boys, and took them out to ride every day, and taught them all that he knew himself.

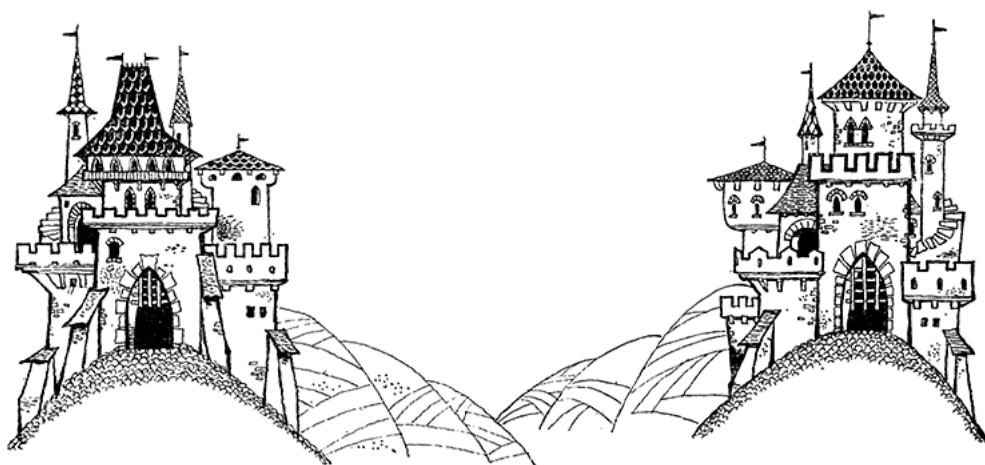
But they did not learn much that was good from him, for he could neither read nor write, and he would not have his two precious sons wasting their time over such matters; but by the time they were ten years old they could swear as terribly as their father, quarreled with everybody, lived together as peacefully as would a dog and cat, and only when they joined hands to do Cuno a wrong were they at all friendly with each other.

Their mother did not grieve over this state of things, as she considered it healthful and strengthening for the boys to fight; but a servant told the count about their quarrels one day, and although he answered, "Know it already! Stupid stuff!" yet he tried to hit upon some plan for the future that would prevent his sons from killing each other, as he dreaded that threat of the Frau Feldheimerin, whom he held to be a witch: "Well, it shall be seen what part of your heritage is worth a hirsch-gulden."





One day as he was hunting in the vicinity of his castle, his attention was attracted by two mountains, which from their form seemed well adapted for castles; and he at once resolved to build there. Upon one of these mountains he built the Castle Schalksberg, naming it after the smaller of the twins, who, on account of his many naughty tricks, had long ago received the nickname of the little Schalk<sup>2</sup> from his father. The castle he built on the other hill he thought at first of calling Hirschguldberg<sup>3</sup>, in order to propitiate the old witch, because she did not esteem his heritage worth a hirsch-gulden; but he finally concluded to give it the simple name of Hirschberg. Such are the names of the two mountains today; and he who travels through the Suabian Alps can have them pointed out to him.



The Tempest of Zollern had at first designed to make a will bequeathing Zollern to his eldest son, Schalksberg to the little Schalk, and Hirschberg to the other twin; but his wife did not rest until he had changed it. “The stupid Cuno!” such was the way she spoke of the poor boy, because he was not so wild and ungovernable as her sons, “the stupid Cuno is rich enough from what he inherited from his mother, without getting the beautiful castle of Zollern. And shall my sons get only a castle, to which nothing belongs but a forest?”

[2] In German Schalk means *droll*, witty.

[3] In German Hirschguldberg means *guldberg with a deer head*.

It was in vain that the count represented to her that one could not justly rob Cuno of his birthright; she wept and scolded, until the Tempest of Zollern who never gave way to anyone, at last, for the sake of peace, surrendered to her, and willed Schalksberg to Schalk, Zollern to Wolf, the larger of the twins, and Hirschberg, with the village of Balinger, to Cuno. Soon afterwards he was taken severely ill. When the doctor told him he was going to die, he replied, "Know it already;" and when the chaplain begged him to prepare for the future life, he answered, "Stupid stuff," cursed and stormed, and died, as he had lived, a great sinner.

But before his body was laid to rest, the countess produced the will, and sneeringly told Cuno that he might show his learning by reading what was written therein—namely, that he no longer had any business at Zollern. With her sons she rejoiced over the fine estate and the two castles which they had taken away from him, the first-born.

Cuno submitted, without complaint, to the provisions of the will; but with tears, he took leave of the castle where he was born, where his mother lay buried, and where the good chaplain lived, while not far away was the home of his only woman friend, Frau Feldheimerin. The castle of Hirschberg was, it is true, a fine stately building; but still it was so lonely and desolate for him, that he felt very homesick.

The countess and the twin brothers, who were now eighteen years old, sat one evening on the balcony looking down the mountain-side, when they perceived a stately knight riding up the road, followed by several servants and two mules bearing a sedan chair. They speculated for some time as to who he might be, when at last the little Schalk cried out: "Why, that is no other than our brother from Hirschberg!"





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## THE MARBLE HEART, PART I

Whoever travels through Suabia should not neglect to take a peep into the Black Forest; not on account of the trees, although one does not find everywhere such a countless number of magnificent pines, but because of the inhabitants, between whom and their outlying neighbors there exists a marked difference. They are taller than ordinary people, broad-shouldered and strong-limbed. It seems as though the balmy fragrance exhaled by the pines had given them a freer respiration, a clearer eye, and a more resolute if somewhat ruder spirit than that possessed by the inhabitants of the valleys and plains. And not only in their bearing and size do they differ from other people, but in their customs and pursuits as well. In that part of the Black Forest included within the Grand Duchy of Baden, are to be seen the most strikingly dressed inhabitants of the whole forest. The men let nature have her own way with their beards; while their black jackets, close-fitting knee breeches, red stockings, and peaked hats bound with a broad sheaf, give them a picturesque, yet serious and commanding appearance. Here the people generally are occupied in the manufacture of glass; they also make watches and sell them to half the world.



On the other side of the forest formerly dwelt a branch of this same race; but their employment had given them other customs and manners. They felled and trimmed their pine trees, rafted the logs down the Nagold into the Neckar, and from the Upper-Neckar to the Rhine, and thence far down into Holland, and even at the sea coast these raftsmen of the Black Forest were known. They stopped on their way down the rivers at each city that lined the banks, and proudly awaited purchasers for their logs and boards, but kept their largest and longest

logs to dispose of for a larger sum, to the Mynheers for shipbuilding purposes. These raftsmen were accustomed to a rough, wandering life. Their joy was experienced in floating down the streams on their rafts; their sorrow in the long walk back on the banks. Thus from the nature of their occupation they required a costume entirely different from that worn by the glass-makers on the other side of the Black Forest. They wore jackets of dark linen, over which green suspenders of a hand-breadth's width crossed over their broad breasts; black leather knee breeches, from the pockets of which projected brass foot-rules like badges of honor; but their joy and pride lay in their boots, the largest perhaps that ever came into vogue in any part of the world, as they could be drawn up two spans of the hand above the knee, so that the raftsmen could wade around in a yard of water without wetting their feet.

Up to quite a recent period, the inhabitants of this forest believed in spirits of the wood. But it is somewhat singular that the spirits who, as the legend ran, dwelt in the Black Forest, took sides in these prevailing fashions. Thus, it was averred that the Little Glass-Man, a good little spirit, only three-and-a-half feet high, never appeared otherwise than in a peaked hat with a wide brim, as well as a jacket and knee breeches and red stockings; whereas, Dutch-Michel, who haunted the other part of the forest, was a giant-sized broad-shouldered fellow in the dress of a raftsman, and several people who had seen him, asserted that they would not care to pay for the hides that would be used to make him a pair of boots. "And so tall," said they, "that an ordinary man would not reach to his neck."

With these spirits of the forest, a young man of this region is reported to have had a strange experience, which I will relate:

There lived in the Black Forest a widow by the name of Frau Barbara Munkin; her husband had been a charcoal-burner, and after his death she brought up her son to the same business. Young Peter Munk, a cunning fellow of sixteen, was much pleased to sit all the week round on his smoking piles of wood, just as he had seen his father do; or, all black and sooty as he was, and a scarecrow to the people, he would go down to the towns to sell his charcoal. But a charcoal-burner has plenty of time to think about himself and others; and when Peter Munk sat on his half-burned piles of wood, the dark trees about him

and the deep stillness of the forest disposed him to tears and filled his heart with nameless longings. Something troubled him, and he could not well make out what it was. Finally he discovered what it was that had so put him out of sorts; it was his occupation. "A lonely black charcoal-burner," reflected he. "It is a miserable life. How respectable are the glassmakers, the watchmakers, and even the musicians of a Sunday evening! And when Peter Munk, cleanly washed and brushed, appears dressed in his father's best jacket with silver buttons and with brand-new red stockings, and when one walks behind me and thinks, Who is that stylish-looking fellow? And inwardly praises my stockings and my stately walk—when he passes by me and turns around to look—he is sure to say to himself: 'Oh, it's only Charcoal Pete!'"



The raftsmen on the other side of the forest also aroused his envy. When these giants came over among the glass-makers, dressed in their elegant clothes, wearing at least fifty pounds of silver in buttons, buckles, and chains, when they looked on at a dance, with legs spread wide apart, swore in Dutch, and smoked pipes from Cologne three feet long in the stem, just like any distinguished Mynheer—then was Peter convinced that such a raftsman was the very picture of a lucky man. And when these fortunate beings put their hands into their pockets and drew out whole handfuls of thalers and shook for half a-dozen at a throw—five guldens here, ten there—then he would nearly lose his senses, and would steal home to his hut in a very melancholy mood. On many holiday nights he had seen one or another of these timber merchants lose more at play than his poor father had ever been able to earn in a year.

Distinguished above all others were three of these men and Peter was uncertain which one of them was most wonderful. One was a large heavy man, with a red face, who passed for the richest man of them all. He was called Stout Ezekiel. He went down to Amsterdam twice a year with timber, and always had the good fortune to sell it at

so much higher a price than others could sell theirs, that he could afford to ride back home in good style, while the others had to return on foot. The second man of the trio was the lankest and leanest person in the whole forest, and was called Slim Schlurker. Peter envied him for his audacity; he contradicted the most respectable people, occupied more room when the inn was crowded than four of the stoutest, either



by spreading his elbows out on the table, or by stretching his legs out on the bench, and yet no one dared to interfere with him, for he had an enormous amount of money. But the third was a handsome young man, who was the best dancer far and wide, and had, therefore, received the title of King of the Ball. He had been a poor boy, and had been a servant to one of the lumber dealers, when he suddenly became very rich. Some said that he had found a pot of gold under an old pine tree, others asserted that he had fished

up a packet of gold pieces near Bingen on the Rhine, with the pole with which the raftsmen sometimes speared for fish; and that the packet was part of the great Nibelungen treasure that lies buried there. In short, he had suddenly become a rich man, and was looked upon by young and old with the respect due a prince.

Charcoal Pete often thought of these three men, as he sat so lonely in the forest of pines. It is true that all three had a common failing that made them hated by the people; this was their inhuman avarice—their utter lack of sympathy for the poor and unfortunate; for the inhabitants of the Black Forest are a kind-hearted people. But you know how it goes in the world; if they were hated on account of their avarice, they yet commanded deference by virtue of their money; for who but they could throw away thalers as if one had only to shake them down from the pines?

“I won’t stand this much longer,” said Peter, dejectedly, to himself one day; for the day before had been a holiday, and all the people had been down to the inn. “If I don’t make a strike pretty soon, I

shall make away with myself. Oh, if I were only as rich and respectable as the Stout Ezekiel, or so bold and mighty as the Slim Schlurker, or as famous and as well able to throw thalers to the fiddlers as the King of the Ball! Where can the fellow get his money?" He thought over all the ways by which one could make money, but none of them suited him. Finally there occurred to him the traditions of people who had become rich through the aid of Dutch Michel and the Little Glass-Man. During his father's life-time, other poor people often came to visit them, and Peter had heard them talk by the hour of rich people and of the way their riches were acquired. The name of the Little Glass-Man was often mentioned in these conversations, as one who had helped these rich men to their wealth; and Peter could almost remember the verse that had to be spoken at the Tannenbühl in the centre of the forest in order to summon him. It ran thus:

*Treasure-Man in forest old,  
More than a hundred years, I'm told,  
You own this wood. If this be true...*

But strain his memory as he would, he could not recall another line. He often debated within himself whether he should not ask this or that old man what the rest of the rhyme was, but was held back by a certain dread of betraying his thoughts—and then, too, the tradition of the Glass-Man could not be very widely known, and the rhyme must be known to but very few, for there were not many rich people in the forest; and, strangest of all, why had not his father and the other poor people tried their luck? He finally led his mother into speaking about the Little Glass-Man; but she only told him what he knew before, and knew only the first line of the rhyme, although she did add afterwards that the spirit only showed himself to people who were born on a Sunday between eleven and two o'clock. In that respect, she told him, he would fill the requirements, if he could only remember the verse; as he was born on a Sunday noon.

When Charcoal Pete heard this, he was almost beside himself with joy at the thought of undertaking this adventure. It appeared to him sufficient that he knew a part of the verse, and that he was born

on a Sunday; so he thought that the Glass-Man would appear to him. Therefore, after he had sold his charcoal one day, he did not kindle any more fires, but put on his father's best jacket, his new red stockings and his Sunday hat, grasped his black-thorn cane, and bade goodbye to his mother, saying: "I must go to town on business; we shall soon have to draw lots again to see who shall serve in the army, and I will once more call the justice's attention to the fact that I am the only son of a widow."

His mother commended his resolution, and he started off for Tannenbühl. The Tannenbühl lies on the highest point of the Black Forest; and within a radius of a two-hours' walk, not a village nor even a hut was to be found, for the superstitious people held the Tannenbühl to be an unsafe place. And tall and splendid as were the trees in this region, they were now but seldom disturbed by the woodman's ax; for often when the wood-choppers had ventured in there to work, the axes had flown from the helves and cut them in the foot, or the trees had fallen unexpectedly before they could get out of the way, and had killed and injured many. Then, too, these magnificent trees could only be sold for firewood, as the raftsmen would never take a single log from this locality into their rafts, for the tradition was current among them that both men and rafts would come to grief if they were to do so. Therefore, it was that the trees of the Tannenbühl had been left to grow so thick and tall that it was almost as dark as night there on the clearest day; and Peter Muck began to feel rather timid there, for he heard not a voice, not a step save his own, not even the ring of an ax, while even the birds appeared to shun these dark shadows.

Charcoal Pete at last reached the highest point of the Tannenbühl, and stood before a pine of enormous girth, for which a ship-builder in Holland would have given many hundred guildens, delivered at his yard. "Here," thought he, "the Little Glass-Man would be most likely to live." So he took off his Sunday hat, made a low bow before the tree, cleared his throat, and said in a trembling voice: "I wish you a very good afternoon, Mr. Glass-Man." But there was no answer, and everything about was as still as before. "Perhaps I have to speak the verse first," thought he, and mumbled:



*Treasure-Man in forest old,  
More than a hundred years, I'm told,  
You own this wood. If this be true...*

As he spoke these words, he saw, to his great terror, a very small, strange figure peep out from behind the great tree. To Peter it seemed to be the Little Glass-Man, just as he had heard him described: a black jacket, red stockings, a peaked hat with a broad brim, and a pale but fine and intelligent little face. But alas, as quickly as the Little Glass-Man had looked around the tree, so quickly had he disappeared again. "Mr. Glass-Man," cried Peter Munk after a long pause, "be so kind as not to make a fool of me. Mr. Glass-Man, if you think I didn't see you, you are very much mistaken. I saw you very plainly when you looked around the tree." Still no answer; but occasionally Peter believed he heard a low, amused chuckle behind the tree. Finally his impatience conquered the fear that had held him back. "Wait, you little fellow," cried he; "I will soon catch you." With one leap he sprang behind the tree, but there was no "Treasure-Man im grünen Tannenwald," and only a small squirrel ran up the tree.

Peter Munk shook his head; he saw that he had the method of conjuration all right up to a certain point, and that perhaps only another line was needed to induce the Little Glass-Man to appear. He thought over this and that, but found nothing to the purpose. The squirrel was to be seen on the lower branches of the tree, and acted as if it were either trying to cheer him up or was making sport of him. It smoothed down its fur, waved its fine bushy tail, and looked at him with intelligent eyes. But at last he was afraid to remain here alone with this little creature; for now the squirrel would appear to have a human head and a three-peaked hat, and then again it would be just like other squirrels, with the exception of red stockings and black shoes on its hinder legs. In short, it was a merry creature; but nevertheless Charcoal Pete stood in dread of it, believing that there was some magic in all this.

Peter left the spot at a much faster pace than he had approached it. The shadows of the pine wood seemed to deepen, the trees to be taller, and such terror took possession of him that he broke into a run, and experienced a sense of security only when he heard dogs barking in the distance, and saw between the trees the smoke rising from a hut. But when he came nearer, and perceived the dress worn by the people in the hut, he found that in his alarm he had taken the wrong direction, and instead of arriving among the glass-makers, he had come to the raftsmen. The people who dwelt in the hut were wood-choppers; an old man, his son, who was the owner of the house, and some grandchildren. They gave Charcoal Pete a hospitable reception, without asking for his name and residence; brought him cider to drink, and for supper a large blackcock, the most tempting dish in the Black Forest, was set on the table.



After supper the housewife and her daughters gathered, with their distaffs, around the light which the children fed with the finest resin; the grandfather, the guest, and the master of the house smoked and looked at the busy fingers of the women, while the boys were occupied in cutting out wooden forks and spoons. Out in the forest a storm

was raging; one heard every now and then heavy peals of thunder, and often it sounded as though entire trees had been snapped off and crushed together. The fearless children wanted to go out into the forest to view this wild and beautiful scene; but their grandfather restrained them by a sharp word and look. "I would not advise anyone to go outside the door," exclaimed he; "he would never come back again, for Dutch Michel is cutting a fresh link of logs tonight."



The children all stared at him. They might have heard the name of Dutch Michel mentioned before, but now they begged their grandfather that he would tell them all about him. And Peter Munk, who had heard Dutch Michel spoken of on the other side of the forest only in a vague way, joined in the children's request, and asked the old man who Dutch Michel was and where he was to be seen. "He is the master of this forest; and, judging from such an inquiry from a man of your age, you must live on the other side of the Tannenbühl, or even farther away, not to have heard of him. I will tell you what I know about Dutch Michel, and the stories that are circulated regarding him...

S

“About a hundred years ago—at least so my ancestors said—there was not a more honorable race of people on the face of the earth than the inhabitants of the Black Forest. But now, since so much money has come into the country, the people are dishonest and wicked; the young fellows dance and sing on Sunday, and swear most terribly. But at the time of which I speak there was a very different state of things; and even though Dutch Michel is looking in at the window now, I say, just as I have often said before, that he is to blame for all this woeful change. There lived a hundred years or more ago, a rich timber merchant, who employed a large number of men. He traded far down the Rhine, and his business prospered, as he was a God-fearing man. One evening a man came to his door, the like of whom he had never seen before. His clothing did not differ from that of the Black Forest workmen, but he was a good head taller than any of them, and it had not been believed that such a giant existed anywhere. He asked for work, and the timber merchant, seeing that he was strong and so well adapted to carrying heavy loads, made a bargain with him. Michel was a workman such as this man had never had before. As a wood-chopper he was the equal of any other three men; and he would carry one end of a tree which required six men to carry the other end.

“But after cutting trees for six months, he went to his employer and said: ‘I have cut wood here long enough now, and should like to see where my tree-trunks go to; so how would it do if you were to let me go down on the rafts?’ The timber merchant replied: ‘I will not stand in the way of your seeing a little of the world, Michel. To be sure, I need strong men to fell the trees, while on the raft more cleverness is required; but it shall be as you wish for this time.’

“The raft, on which he was to go, consisted of eight sections, the last of which was made up of the largest timbers. But what do you think happened? On the evening before they started, the tall Michel brought eight more logs to the water, thicker and longer than any that had ever been seen before, and each one he had carried as lightly on his shoulder as if it were simply a raft pole, so that all were amazed.

Where he had cut them remains a mystery today. The heart of the timber merchant rejoiced as he saw them, and began to reckon up what they might be worth; but Michel said: 'There, those are for me to travel on. I shouldn't get very far on those other chips.' His master, by way of thanks, presented him with a pair of high boots; but Michel threw them aside, and produced a pair that my grandfather assured me weighed a hundred pounds and stood five feet high.

"The raft was started off, and if Michel had astonished the wood-choppers before, it was now the turn of the raftsmen to be surprised; for instead of the float going more slowly down the stream, as had been expected on account of these enormous logs, as soon as they touched the Neckar they flew down the river with the speed of an arrow. If they came to a curve in the Neckar, that had usually given the raftsmen much trouble to keep the raft in the middle of the stream and prevent it from grounding on the gravel or sand, Michel would spring into the water and push the raft to the right or the left, so that it passed by without accident. But if they came to a stand-still, he would run forward to the first section, have all the other men throw down their poles, stick his own enormous beam into the gravel, and with a single push the float flew down the river at such a rate that the land and trees and villages seemed to be running away from them.

"Thus in half the time usually consumed, they reached Cologne on the Rhine, where they had been accustomed to sell their float. But here Michel spoke up once more: 'You seem to be merchants who understand your own interests. Do you then think that the people of Cologne use all this timber that comes from the Black Forest? No, they buy it of you at half its cost, and sell it to Holland merchants at an immense advance. Let us sell the smaller logs here, and take the larger ones down to Holland; what we receive above the usual price will be our own gain.

"Thus spoke the crafty Michel, and the others were content to do as he advised—some because they had a desire to see Holland—and others on account of the money they would pocket. Only one of the men was honest, and tried to dissuade his companions from exposing their master's property to further risks, or to cheat him out of the higher price they might receive; but they would not listen to him, and forgot

his words. Dutch Michel, however, did not forget them. They continued on down the Rhine, and Michel conducted the raft and soon brought it to Rotterdam. There they were offered four times the former price, and the enormous logs that Michel had brought sold for a large sum. When these raftsmen found themselves the possessors of so much money, they could hardly contain themselves for joy. Michel made the division, one part for the timber merchant and the three others among the men. And now they frequented the taverns with sailors and other low associates, gambled and threw away their money; but the brave man who had advised against their going to Holland was sold to a slave-dealer by Dutch Michel, and was never again heard of. From that time forth Holland was the paradise of the raftsmen of the Black Forest, and Dutch Michel was their king. The timber merchants did not learn of the swindle practiced on them for some time; and money, oaths, bad manners, drunkenness and gambling were gradually imported from Holland unnoticed.

“When the story of these doings came out, Dutch Michel was nowhere to be found. But he is not by any means dead. For a hundred years he has carried on his ghostly deeds in the forest, and it is said that he has been the means of enriching many; but at the cost of their souls. How that may be, I will not say; but this much is certain: that on these stormy nights he picks out the finest trees in the Tannenbühl, where none dare to chop, and my father once saw him break off a tree four feet thick as easily as if it had been a reed. He makes a present of these trees to those who will turn from the right and follow him; then at midnight they bring down these logs to the river, and he goes with his followers down to Holland. But if I were the King of Holland, I would have him blown to pieces with grape-shot; for every ship that has in it any of Dutch Michel’s timber, even if it be only a single stick, must go to the bottom. This is the cause of all the shipwrecks we hear of; for how else could a fine strong ship, as large as a church, be destroyed on the water? And whenever Dutch Michel fells a pine in the Black Forest on a stormy night, one of his timbers springs from a ship’s side, the water rushes in, and the ship is lost with all her crew. Such is the legend of Dutch Michel; and it is sure that all that is bad in the Black

Forest may be ascribed to him. But oh, he can make one rich!" added the old man mysteriously; "yet I wouldn't have anything to do with him, I would not for any money stand in the shoes of the Stout Ezekiel or in those of the Slim Schlurker; and the King of the Ball is reported to belong to him also."

During the recital of the old man's story, the storm had ceased. The girls now timidly lighted their lamps and went off to bed; while the man gave Peter a bag of leaves for a pillow on the settee, and wished him goodnight.

## §

Never before did Charcoal Pete have such dreams as on this night. Now the sullen giant, Dutch Michel, would raise the window and hold out before him with his enormously long arm a purse full of gold pieces, which he chincked together; then he would see the good-natured Little Glass-Man riding about the room on a monstrous green bottle, and he could hear his merry laugh just as it sounded in the Tannenbühl; then again there was hummed into his left ear:

*In Holland there is gold;  
You can have it if you will  
For very little pay;  
Gold, Gold!*

Then in his right ear he heard the song of the "Treasure-Man im grünen Tannenwald," and a soft voice whispered: "Stupid Charcoal Pete! Stupid Peter Munk can't think of anything to rhyme with *stehen*, and yet was born on Sunday at twelve o'clock. Rhyme, stupid Peter, rhyme!"

He sighed and groaned in his sleep. He tried his best to think of a rhyme for that word; but as he had never made a rhyme in his life, all his efforts in his dream were fruitless. But on awaking with the early dawn, his dream recurred to his mind. He sat himself down behind the table with folded arms, and thought over the whispers he could



still hear. "Rhyme, stupid Charcoal Pete, rhyme," said he to himself, meanwhile tapping his forehead with his finger; but the rhyme would not come forth at his bidding.

While he was sitting thus, looking sadly before him with his mind intent on a rhyme for *stehen*, three fellows passed by the house, one of whom was singing:

*As I looked from the hillside  
To the valley at my feet,  
I saw my own dear maiden,  
So beautiful, so sweet.*

That struck Peter's ear instantly, and springing up he rushed hastily out of the house, ran after the three men, and seized the singer roughly by the arm. "Stop, friend," cried he, "what was your rhyme for *stehen*? Be so kind as to recite what you sang."

"What's the trouble with you, young fellow?" retorted the singer. "I can sing what I please, so let go of my arm, or..."



"No, you must tell me what you sang!" shouted Peter, taking a firmer grip on his arm. The two others did not hesitate long on seeing this but fell upon Peter with their hard fists and gave him such a beating that he was forced to let go his hold on the first man and sank exhausted to his knees. "You have got your share now," said they



laughing, “and mind you, stupid fellow, never to jump upon people again on the highway.”

“Oh, I will surely take care!” replied Charcoal Pete sighing; “but now that I have had the blows, be so good as to tell me plainly what it was that man sang.”

They began to laugh again, and made sport of him; but the one who had sung the song repeated it to him, and laughing and singing they continued on their way.

“Also *gesehen*,” said the beaten one, as he raised himself up with some difficulty; “*gesehen* rhymes with *stehen*. Now then, Little Glass-Man, we will speak a word together.” He went back to the hut, took his hat and stick, and bade farewell to the inmates of the hut, and started on his way back to the Tannenbühl.



He walked on slowly and thoughtfully, for he had a line to make up; finally as he came into the neighborhood of the Tannenbühl, and the pines grew taller and thicker, he had completed the verse, and in his joy made a leap into the air. Just then appeared a man of giant size, who held in his hand a pole as long as a ship's mast. Peter's courage failed him as he saw this giant walking along very slowly near him; for, thought he, that is none other than Dutch Michel. But the giant remained silent, and Peter occasionally took a half-frightened look at him. He was fully a head taller than the largest man Peter had ever seen; his face was neither young nor old, and yet full of lines; he wore a linen jacket, and the enormous boots drawn over the leather breeches, Peter recognized from the legend he had heard the night before.

“Peter Munk, what are you doing in the Tannenbühl?” inquired the King of the Wood, in a deep threatening voice.

“Good morning, neighbor,” replied Peter, with an effort to hide his uneasiness: “I was going back home through the Tannenbühl.”

“Peter Munk,” returned the giant, darting a piercing look at him, “your way does not lie through this grove.”

“Well, no, not directly,” said Peter; “but it is warm today, and I thought it would be cooler up here.”

“Don’t tell a lie. Charcoal Pete!” cried Dutch Michel, in a voice of thunder, “or I will beat you to the ground with my pole. Do you think I didn’t hear you pleading with the Little Glass-Man?” continued he more gently. “Come, come, that was a foolish thing to do, and it is fortunate that you did not know that verse; he is a niggard, the little churl, and doesn’t give much, and those to whom he does give don’t enjoy life very much. Peter, you are a poor simpleton, and it grieves me to the soul to see such a lively, handsome fellow, who might do something in the world, burning charcoal. While others are throwing about great thalers or ducats, you can hardly raise a sixpence: ’tis a miserable life.”



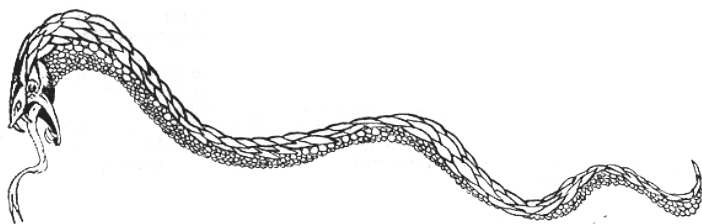
“That’s all true, and you are right; it is a miserable life.”

“Well, I shouldn’t mind giving you a lift,” continued the terrible Michel. “I have already helped many a brave fellow out of his misery, so you would not be the first. Speak up, now; how many hundred thalers do you want to start with?”

With these words, he shook the gold pieces in his immense pocket, and they jingled as Peter had heard them last night in his dream. His heart beat wildly and painfully; he was warm and cold by turns, and Dutch Michel did not look as if he was in the habit of giving away money in compassion without receiving something in return. The mysterious words of the old man in the hut recurred to his mind, and driven by unaccountable anxiety and terror, he cried: “Best thanks, master; but I won’t have any dealings with you, for I know you too well,” and ran off at the top of his speed.

But Dutch Michel strode after him muttering in a hollow, threatening voice: “You will regret it, Peter; it is written on your forehead and can be read in your eye, you will not escape me. Don’t run so fast; listen to just one word of reason. There is my boundary line now.” But when Peter heard this, and saw not far ahead of him a small trench, he increased his speed in order to get beyond the line, so that Michel, too, had to run much faster and followed him with curses and threats. The young man made a desperate leap over the trench, as he saw Dutch Michel raise his pole to destroy him. He landed safely on the other side, and saw the pole shattered in the air as though it had struck an invisible wall, and a long splinter fell at Peter’s feet. He picked it up triumphantly with the intention of hurling it back at Michel; but at that moment he felt it moving in his hand, and discovered, to his horror, that it was an enormous snake, which with darting tongue and glistening eyes reared its head to strike at him.

He let go his hold, but the reptile had coiled itself tightly about his arm, and its fangs were already close to his face, when of a sudden a blackcock swooped down, seized the snake’s head in its bill and flew up into the air with its prey, while Dutch Michel, who had seen all this from the boundary line, howled and stormed as the snake was carried off by its more powerful enemy.



Trembling and staggering, Peter continued on his way. The path became steeper, the region wilder, and soon he found himself at the base of the large pine tree. He made his obeisance as yesterday to the invisible Little Glass-Man, and then recited his verse:

*Treasure-Man in forest old,  
More than a hundred years, I'm told,  
You own this wood. If this be true,  
As Sunday's child I come to you.*

"You haven't quite hit it, but seeing it's you, Charcoal Pete, we'll let it pass," said a low soft voice near him. He looked around him in surprise, and beneath a splendid pine sat a little old man, dressed in a black jacket and red stockings, with a large hat on his head. He had a delicate, pleasing face, and a beard as fine as a spider's web. He smoked from a pipe of blue glass; and on approaching nearer, Peter saw, to his astonishment, that the clothing, shoes, and hat of the little man were all made of colored glass, but it was as flexible as though still hot, for it bent like cloth with every movement of the little man.

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## SAID'S ADVENTURES

In the time of Haroun al Raschid, the ruler of Bagdad, there lived in Balsora a man named Benezar. He was possessed of considerable means, and could live quietly and comfortably without resorting to trade. Nor did he change his life of ease when a son was born to him.

"Why should I, at my time of life, dicker and trade?" said he to his neighbors, "just to leave Said a thousand more gold pieces if things went well, and if they went badly a thousand less? 'Where two have eaten, a third may feast,' says the proverb; and if he is only a good boy, Said shall want for nothing."

Thus spoke Benezar, and well did he keep his word, for his son was brought up neither to a trade nor yet to commerce. Still Benezar did not omit reading with him the books of wisdom, and as it was the father's belief that a young man needed, with scholarship and veneration for age, nothing more than a strong arm and courage, he had his son early educated in the use of weapons, and Said soon passed among boys of his own age, and even among those much older, for a valiant fencer, while in horsemanship and swimming he had no superior.

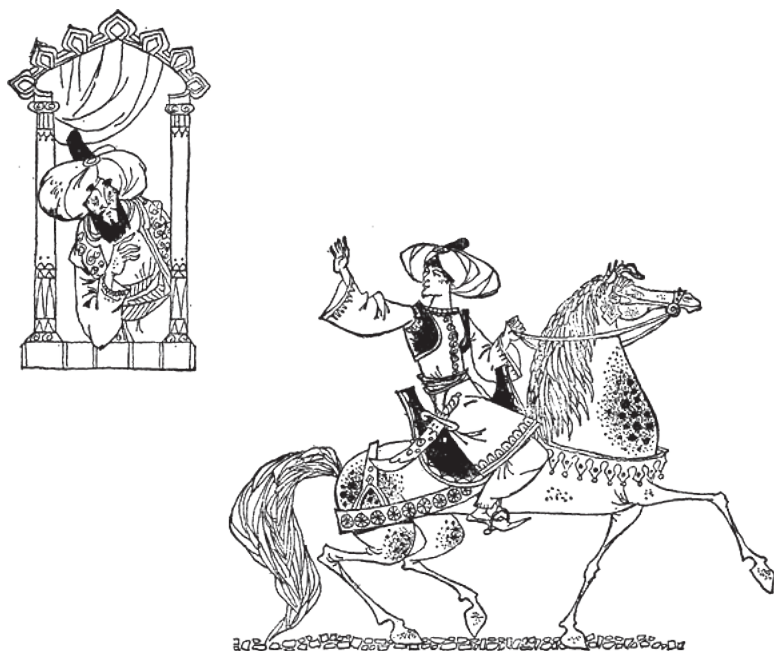
When he was eighteen years old, his father sent him to Mecca, to the grave of the Prophet, to say his prayers and go through his religious exercises on the spot, as required by custom and the commandment. Before he departed, his father called him to his side and praised his conduct, gave him good advice, provided him with money, and then said:



“One word more, my son Said. I am a man above sharing in the superstitions of the rabble. I listen with pleasure to the stories of fairies and sorcerers as an agreeable way of passing the time; still I am far from believing, as so many ignorant people do, that these genii, or whatever they may be, exert an influence on the lives and affairs of mortals. But your mother, who has been dead these twelve years, believed as devoutly in them as in the Koran; yes, she even confided to me once, after I had pledged her not to reveal the fact to anyone but her child, that she herself from her birth up had had association with a fairy. I laughed at her for entertaining such a notion; and yet I must confess, Said, that certain things happened at your birth that caused me great astonishment. It had rained and thundered the whole day, and the sky was so black that nothing could be seen without a light. But at four o'clock in the afternoon I was told that I was the father of a little boy. I hastened to your mother's room to see and to bless our first-born; but all her maids stood before the door, and in response to my questions, answered that no one would be allowed in the room at present, as Zemira (your mother) had ordered everybody out of her chamber because she wished to be alone. I knocked on the door, but all in vain; it remained locked. While I waited somewhat indignantly, before the door, the sky cleared more quickly than I had ever seen it do before, but the most wonderful thing about it was that it was only over our loved city of Balsora that the clear blue sky appeared, for the black clouds rolled back, and lightning flashed on the outskirts of this circle. While I was contemplating this spectacle curiously, my wife's door flew open. I ordered the maids to wait outside, and entered the chamber alone to ask your mother why she had locked herself in. As I entered, such a stupefying odor of roses, pinks, and hyacinths greeted me that I almost lost my senses. Your mother held you up to me, at the same time pointing to a little silver whistle that was attached to your neck by a golden chain as fine as silk. 'The good woman of whom I once spoke to you has been here,' said your mother, 'and has given your boy this present.' 'And was it the old witch also who swept away the clouds and left this fragrance of roses and pinks behind her?' said I with an incredulous laugh. 'But she might have left him something



better than this whistle: say a purse full of gold, a horse, or something of the kind.' Your mother besought me not to jest, because the fairies, if angered, would transform their blessings into maledictions. To please her, and because she was sick, I said no more; nor did we speak again of this strange occurrence until six years afterwards, when, young as she was, she felt that she was going to die. She gave me then the little whistle, charging me to give it to you only when you had reached your twentieth year, and before that hour not to let it go out of my possession. She died. Here now is the present," continued Benezar, producing from a little box a small silver whistle, to which was attached a long gold chain; "and I give it to you in your eighteenth, instead of your twentieth year, because you are going away, and I may be gathered to my fathers before you return home. I do not see any sensible reason why you should remain here another two years before setting out, as your anxious mother wished. You are a good and prudent young man, can wield your weapons as bravely as a man of four-and-twenty, and therefore I can as well pronounce you of age today as if you were already twenty; and now go in peace, and think, in fortune and misfortune—from which last may heaven preserve you—on your father."



Thus spoke Benezar of Balsora, as he dismissed his son. Said took leave of him with much emotion, hung the chain about his neck, stuck the whistle in his sash, swung himself on his horse, and rode to the place where the caravan for Mecca assembled. In a short time eighty camels and many hundred horsemen had gathered there; the caravan started off, and Said rode out of the gate of Balsora, his native city, that he was destined not to see again for a long time.

The novelty of such a journey, and the many strange objects that obtruded themselves upon his attention, at first diverted his mind; but as the travelers neared the desert and the country became more and more desolate, he began to reflect on many things, and among others, on the words with which his father had taken leave of him. He drew out his whistle, examined it closely, and put it to his mouth to see whether it would give a clear and fine tone; but, no! It would not sound at all. He puffed out his cheeks, and blew with all his strength; but he could not produce a single note, and vexed at the useless present, he thrust the whistle back into his sash. But his thoughts shortly returned to the mysterious words of his mother. He had heard much about fairies, but he had never learned that this or that neighbor in Balsora had had any relations with a supernatural power; on the contrary, the legends of these spirits had always been located in distant times and places, and therefore he believed there were today no such apparitions, or that the fairies had ceased to visit mortals or to take any interest in their fate. But although he thought thus, he was constantly making the attempt to believe in mysterious and supernatural powers, and wondering what might have been their relations with his mother; and so he would sit on his horse like one in a dream nearly the whole day, taking no part in the conversation of the travellers, and deaf to their songs and laughter.

Said was a very handsome youth; his eye was clear and piercing, his mouth wore a pleasing expression, and, young as he was, he bore himself with a certain dignity that one seldom sees in so young a man, and his grace and soldierly appearance in the saddle commanded the attention of many of his fellow travellers. An old man who rode by his side was much pleased with his manner, and sought by many questions to become more acquainted with him. Said, in whom reverence for old

age had been early inculcated, answered modestly, but wisely and with circumspection, so that the old man's first impressions of him were strengthened. But as the young man's thoughts had been occupied the whole day with but one subject, it followed that the conversation between the two soon turned upon the mysterious realm of the fairies; and Said finally asked the old man bluntly whether he believed in the existence of fairies, who took mortals under their protection, or sought to injure them.

The old man shook his head thoughtfully, and stroked his beard, before replying: "It can not be disputed that there have been instances of the kind, although I have never seen a dwarf of the spirits, a giant of the genii, a sorcerer, or a fairy." He then began to relate so many wonderful stories that Said's head was fairly in a whirl, and he could believe nothing else than that everything, which had happened at his birth—the change in the weather, the sweet odor of roses and hyacinths—were the signs that he was under the special protection of a kind and powerful fairy, and that the whistle was given him for no less a purpose than to summon the fairy in case of need. He dreamed all night of castles, winged horses, genii and the like, and dwelt in a genuine fairy realm.

But, sad to relate, he was doomed to experience on the following day how perishable were all his dreams, sleeping or waking. The caravan had made its way along in easy stages for the greater part of the day, Said keeping his place at the side of his elderly companion, when a dark cloud was seen on the horizon. Some held it to be a sandstorm, others thought it was clouds, and still others were of opinion that it was another caravan. But Said's companion, who was an old traveller, cried out in a loud voice that they should be on their guard, for this was a horde of Arab robbers approaching. The men seized their weapons, the women and the goods were placed in the centre, and everything made ready against an attack. The dark mass moved slowly over the plain, resembling an immense flock of storks taking their flight to distant lands. By-and-by, they came on faster, and hardly was the caravan able to distinguish men and lances, when, with the speed of the wind, the robbers swarmed around them.



The men defended themselves bravely, but the robbers, who were over four hundred strong, surrounded them on all sides, killed many from a distance, and then, made a charge with their lances. In this fearful moment, Said, who had fought among the foremost, was reminded of his whistle. He drew it forth hastily, put it to his lips, and blew; but let it drop again in disappointment, for it gave out not the slightest sound. Enraged over this cruel disillusion, he took aim at an Arab conspicuous by his splendid costume, and shot him through the breast. The man swayed in his saddle, and fell from his horse.

"Allah! What have you done, young man?" exclaimed the old man at his side. "Now we are all lost!" And thus it seemed, for no sooner did the robbers see this man fall, than they raised a terrible cry, and closed in on the caravan with such resistless force that the few who remained unwounded were soon scattered. In another moment, Said found himself surrounded by five or six of the enemy. He handled his lance so dexterously, however, that not one of them dared approach him very closely; at last one of them bent his bow, took aim, and was

just about to let the arrow fly, when another of the robbers stopped him. The young man prepared for some new mode of attack; but before he saw their design, one of the Arabs had thrown a lasso over his head, and, try as he might to remove the rope, his efforts were unavailing—the noose was drawn tighter and tighter—and Said was a prisoner.

The caravan was finally captured, and the Arabs, who did not all belong to one tribe, divided the prisoners and the remaining booty between them, and left the scene of the encounter, part of them riding off to the South and the remainder to the East. Near Said rode four armed guards, who often glared at him angrily, uttering savage oaths. From all this, Said concluded, that it must have been one of their leaders, very likely a prince, whom he had slain. The prospect of slavery was to him much worse than that of death; so he secretly thanked his stars that he had drawn the vengeance of the whole horde on himself, for he did not doubt that they would kill him when they reached their camp. The guards watched his every motion, and if he but turned his head, they threatened him with their spears; but once, when the horse of one of his guards stumbled, he turned his head quickly, and was rejoiced at the sight of his fellow traveller whom he had believed was among the dead.

Finally, trees and tents were seen in the distance; and as they drew nearer, they were met by a crowd of women and children, who had exchanged but a few words with the robbers, when they broke out into loud cries, and all looked at Said, shook their fists, and uttered imprecations on his head. “That is he,” shrieked they, “who has killed the great Almansor, the bravest of men! He shall die, and we will throw his flesh to the jackals of the desert for prey.” Then they rushed at Said so ferociously, with sticks and whatever missiles they could lay their hands on, that the robbers had to throw themselves between the women and the object of their wrath. “Be off, you scamps! Away you women!” cried they, dispersing the rabble with their lances; “he has killed the great Almansor in battle, and he shall die; not by the hand of a woman, but by the sword of the brave.”

On coming to an open place surrounded by the tents, they halted. The prisoners were bound together in pairs, and the booty

carried into the tents, while Said was bound separately and led into a tent larger than the others, where sat an elderly and finely dressed man, whose proud bearing denoted him to be the chief of this tribe. The men who had brought Said in approached the chief with a sad air and with bowed heads. "The howling of the women has informed me of what has happened," said their majestic leader, looking from one to the other of his men; "your manner confirms it—Almansor has fallen."

"Almansor has fallen," repeated the men, "but here, Selim, Ruler of the Desert, is his murderer, and we bring him here that you may decide as to the form of death that shall be inflicted on him. Shall we make a target of him for our arrows? Shall we force him to run the gauntlet of our lances? Or do you decree that he shall be hung or torn asunder by horses?"

"Who are you?" asked Selim, looking darkly at the prisoner, who, although doomed to death, stood before his captors with a courageous air.

Said replied to his question briefly and frankly.

"Did you kill my son by stealth? Did you pierce him from behind with an arrow or a lance?"

"No, Sire!" returned Said. "I killed him in an open fight, face to face, while he was attacking our caravan, because he had killed eight of my companions before my eyes."

"Does he speak the truth?" asked Selim of the men who had captured Said.

"Yes, Sire, he killed Almansor in a fair fight," replied one of the men.

"Then he has done no more and no less than we should have done in his place," returned Selim; "he fought his enemy, who would have robbed him of liberty and life, and killed him; therefore, loose his bonds at once!"

The men looked at him in astonishment, and obeyed his order in a slow and unwilling manner.

"And shall the murderer of your son, the brave Almansor, not die?" asked one of them, casting a look of hate at Said. "Would that we had disposed of him on the spot!"

“He shall not die!” exclaimed Selim. “I will take him into my own tent, as my fair share of the booty, and he shall be my servant.”

Said could find no words in which to express his thanks. The men left the tent grumbling; and when they communicated Selim’s decision to the women and children, who were waiting outside, they were greeted by terrible shrieks and lamentations, and threats were made that they would avenge Almansor’s death on his murderer themselves, because his own father would not take vengeance.

The other captives were divided among the tribe. Some were released, in order that they might obtain ransom for the rich merchants; others were sent out as shepherds with the flocks; and many who had formerly been waited upon by ten slaves, were doomed to perform menial services in this camp. Not so with Said, however. Was it his courageous and heroic manner, or the mysterious influence of a kind fairy, that attached Selim to him so strongly? It would be hard to say; but Said lived in the chief’s tent more as a son than as servant. Soon, however, the strange partiality of the old chief drew down on Said the hatred of the other servants. He met everywhere only savage looks, and if he went alone through the camp he heard on all sides curses and threats directed against him, and more than once arrows had flown by close to his breast—and that they did not hit him he ascribed to the silver whistle that he wore constantly in his bosom. He often complained to Selim of these attempts on his life; but the chiefs’ efforts to discover the would-be assassin were in vain, for the whole tribe seemed to be in league against the favored stranger. So Selim said to him one day: “I had hoped that you might possibly replace the son who fell by your hand. It is not your fault or mine that this could not be. All feel bitter hatred toward you, and it is not in my power to protect you for the future, for how would it benefit either you or myself to bring the guilty ones to punishment after they had stealthily killed you? Therefore, when the men return from their present expedition, I will say to them that your father has sent me a ransom, and I will send you by some trusty men across the desert.”

“But could I trust myself with any of these men?” asked Said in amazement. “Would they not kill me on the way?”



"The oath that they will take before me will protect you; it has never yet been broken," replied Selim calmly.

Some days after this the men returned to camp, and Selim kept his promise. He presented the young man with weapons, clothes and a horse, summoned all the available men, and chose five of their number to conduct Said across the desert, and bound them by a formidable oath not to kill him, and then took leave of Said with tears.

The five men rode moodily and silently through the desert with Said, who noticed how unwillingly they were fulfilling their commission; and it caused him not a little anxiety to find that two of them were present at the time he killed Almansor. When they were about an eight hours' journey from the camp. Said heard the men whispering among themselves, and remarked that their manner was more and more sullen. He tried to catch what they were saying, and made out that they were conversing in a language understood only by this tribe, and only employed by them in their secret or dangerous undertakings. Selim, whose intention it had been to keep the young man permanently with him in his tent, had devoted many hours to teaching the young man these secret words; but what he now overheard was not of the most comforting nature.

"This is the spot," said one; "here we attacked the caravan, and here fell the bravest of men by the hand of a boy."

"The wind has covered the tracks of his horse," continued another, "but I have not forgotten them."

"And shall he who laid hands on him still live and be at liberty, and thus cast reproach on us? When was it ever heard before that a father failed to revenge the death of his only son? But Selim grows old and childish."

"And if the father neglects it," said a fourth, "then it becomes the duty of the fallen man's friends to avenge him. We should cut the murderer down on this spot. Such has been our law and custom for ages."

"But we have bound ourselves by an oath to the chief not to kill this youth," said the fifth man, "and we cannot break our oath."

"It is true," responded the others; "we have sworn, and the murderer is free to pass from the hands of his enemies."



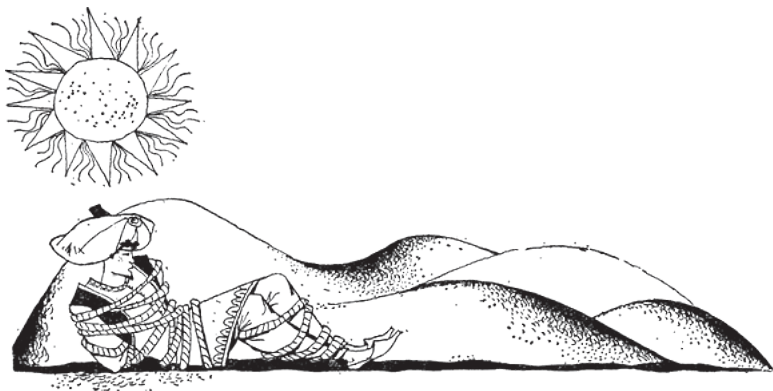
“Stop a moment!” cried one, the most sullen of them all. “Old Selim has a wise head, but is not so shrewd as he is generally credited with being. Did we swear to him that we would take this boy to this or that place? No; our oath simply bound us not to take his life, and we will leave him that; but the blistering sun and the sharp teeth of the jackals will soon accomplish our revenge for us. Here, on this spot, we can bind and leave him.”



Thus spoke the robber; but Said had now prepared himself for a last desperate chance, and before the final words were fairly spoken he suddenly wheeled his horse to one side, gave him a sharp blow, and flew like a bird across the plain. The five men paused for a moment in surprise; but they were skilled in pursuit, and spread themselves out, chasing him from the right and left, and as they were more experienced in riding on the desert, two of them had soon overtaken the youth, and when he swerved to one side he found two other men there, while the fifth was at his back. The oath they had taken prevented them from using their weapons against him, so they lassoed him once more, pulled him from his horse, beat him unmercifully, bound his hands and feet, and laid him down on the burning sands of the desert.

Said begged piteously for mercy; he promised them a large ransom, but with a laugh they mounted their horses and galloped off.

He listened for some moments to the receding steps of their horses, and then gave himself up for lost. He thought of his father and of the old man's sorrow if his son should never more return; he thought on his own misery, doomed to die so young; for nothing was more certain than that he must suffer the torments of suffocation in the hot sands, or that he should be torn to pieces by jackals.



The sun rose ever higher, and its hot rays burnt into his forehead; with considerable difficulty he rolled over, but the change of position gave him but little relief. In making this exertion, the whistle fell from his bosom. He moved about until he could seize it in his mouth, then he attempted to blow it; but even in this terrible hour of need it refused to respond to his will. In utter despair, he let his head fall back, and before long the sun had robbed him of his senses.

After many hours, Said was awakened by sounds close by him, and immediately after was conscious that his shoulder had been seized. He uttered a cry of terror, for he could believe nothing else than that a jackal had attacked him. Now he was grasped by the legs also, and became sensible that it was not the claws of a beast of prey but the hands of a man who was trying to restore his senses, and who was speaking with two or three other men. "He lives," whispered they, "but he believes that we are his foes."

At last Said opened his eyes, and perceived above his own the face of a short, stout man, with small eyes and a long beard, who spoke kindly to him, helped



him to get up, handed him food and drink, and while he was partaking of the refreshments told him that he was a merchant from Bagdad, named Kalum Bek, and dealt in shawls and fine veils for ladies. He had made a business journey, and was now on his way home, and had seen Said lying half-dead in the sand. The splendor of the youth's costume, and the sparkling stone in his dagger had attracted his attention; he had done all in his power to revive him, and his efforts had finally succeeded. The youth thanked him for his life, for he saw clearly that without the interposition of this man he would have perished miserably; and as he had neither the means of getting away, nor the desire to wander over the desert on foot and alone, he gratefully accepted the offer of a seat on one of the merchant's heavily-laden camels, and decided to go to Bagdad with the merchant, with the chance of finding there a company bound for Balsora, which he could join.

On the journey, the merchant related to his travelling companion a great many stories about the excellent Ruler of the Faithful, Haroun al Raschid. He told anecdotes showing the caliph's love of justice and his shrewdness, and how he was able to smooth out the knottiest questions of law in a simple and admirable way; and among others he related the story of the rope-maker, and the story of the jar of olives—tales that every child now knows, but which astonished Said.

"Our master, the Ruler of the Faithful," continued the merchant, "is a wonderful man. If you have an idea that he sleeps like the common people, you are very much mistaken. Two or three hours at daybreak is all the sleep he takes. I am positive of that, for Messour, his head chamberlain, is my cousin; and although he is as silent as the grave concerning the secrets of his master, he will now and then let a hint drop, for kinship's sake, if he sees that one is nearly out of his senses with curiosity. Instead, then, of sleeping like other people, the caliph steals through the streets of Bagdad at night; and seldom does a week pass that he does not chance upon an adventure; for you must know—as is



made clear by the story of the jar of olives, which is as true as the word of the Prophet—that he does not make his rounds with the watch, or on horseback in full costume, his way lighted by a hundred torch-bearers, as he might very well do if he chose, but he goes about disguised sometimes as a merchant, sometimes as a mariner, at other times as a soldier, and again as a mufti, and looks around to see if everything is right and in order. And therefore it happens that in no other town is one so polite towards every fool upon whom he stumbles on the street at night, as in Bagdad; for it would be as likely to turn out the caliph as a dirty Arab from the desert, and there is wood enough growing round to give every person in and around Bagdad the bastinado.”

Thus spoke the merchant; and Said, strong as was his desire to see his father once more, rejoiced at the prospect of seeing Bagdad and its famous ruler, Haroun al Raschid.

After a ten days' journey, they arrived at their destination; and Said was astonished at the magnificence of this city, then at the height of its splendor. The merchant invited him to go with him to his house, and Said gladly accepted the invitation; as it now occurred to him for the first time, among the crowd of people, that with the exception of the air, the water of the Tigris, and a lodging on the steps of the mosque, nothing could be had without money.

The day after his arrival in Bagdad, as soon as he had dressed himself—thinking that he need not be ashamed to show himself on the streets of Bagdad in his splendid soldierly costume—the merchant entered his room, looked at the handsome youth with a knavish smile, stroked his beard and said: “That’s all very fine, young man! But what shall be done with you? You are, it appears to me, a great dreamer, taking no thought for the morrow; or have you money enough with you to support such style as that?”

“Dear Kalum Bek,” replied the young man, greatly disconcerted, “I certainly have no money, but perhaps you will furnish me with the means to reach home; my father would surely repay you.”

“Your father, fellow?” cried the merchant, with a loud laugh. “I think the sun must have scorched your brain. Do you think I would take your simple word for that yarn you spun me in the desert—that

your father was a rich citizen of Balsora, you his only son?—and about the attack of the robbers, and your life with the tribe, and this, that, and the other? Even then I felt very angry at your frivolous lies and utter impudence. I know that all the rich people in Balsora are traders; I have had dealings with all of them, and should have heard of a Benezar, even if he had not been worth more than six thousand Tomans. It is, therefore, either a lie that you hail from Balsora, or else your father is a poor wretch, to whose runaway son I would not lend a copper. Then, too, the attack in the desert! Who ever heard, since the wise Caliph Haroun has made the trade routes across the desert safe, that robbers dared to plunder a caravan and lead the men off into captivity? And then, too, it would have been known; but on my entire journey, as well as here in Bagdad, where people gather from all parts of the world, there has not been a word said about it. That is the second lie, you shameless young fellow!”

Pale with anger, Said tried to interrupt the wicked little man, but the merchant talked still louder, and gesticulated wildly with his arms. “And the third lie, you audacious liar, is the story of your life in Selim’s camp. Selim’s name is well known by everybody who has ever seen an Arab, but Selim has the reputation of being the most cruel and relentless robber on the desert, and you pretend to say that you killed his son and was not at once hacked to pieces; yes, you even pushed your impudence so far as to state the impossible—that Selim had protected you against his own tribe, had taken you into his own tent, and let you go without a ransom, instead of hanging you up to the first good tree; he who has often hanged travelers just to see what kind of faces they would make when they were hung up. O you detestable liar!”

“And I can only repeat,” cried the youth, “that by my soul and the beard of the Prophet, it was all true!”

“What! You swear by your soul?” shouted the merchant, “By your black, lying soul? Who would believe that? And by the beard of the Prophet—you, that have no beard? Who would put any trust in that?”

“I certainly have no witnesses,” continued Said; “but did you not find me bound and perishing?”

“That proves nothing to me,” replied the merchant. “You were yourself dressed like a robber, and it might easily have happened that

you attacked someone stronger than yourself, who conquered and bound you."

"I should like to see any one, or even two," returned Said, "who could floor and bind me, unless they came up behind me and flung a noose over my head. Staying in your bazaar as you do, you cannot have any notion of what a single man is able to do when he has been brought up to arms. But you saved my life, and my thanks are due you. What would you have me do? If you do not support me I must beg; and I should not care to ask a favor of any one of my station. I will go to see the caliph."

"Indeed!" sneered the merchant, "you will ask assistance of no one but our most gracious master? I should call that genteel begging! But look you, my fine young gentleman! Access to the caliph can be had only through my cousin Messour, and a word from me would acquaint him with your capacity for lying. But I will take pity on your youth, Said. You shall have a chance to better yourself, and something may be made out of you yet. I will take you into my shop at the bazaar; you can serve me there for a year; and when that time is past, if you don't choose to remain with me any longer, I will pay you your wages and let you go where you will, to Aleppo or Medina, to Stamboul or Balsora, or, for aught I care, to the Infidels. I will give you till noon to decide; if you agree to my proposal, well and good; if you do not, I will make out an estimate of the expense you put me to on the journey, and for your seat on the camel, pay myself by taking your clothes and all you possess, and then throw you into the street; then you can beg where you like, of the caliph or the mufti, at the mosque or in the bazaar."

With these words the wicked man left the unfortunate youth. Said looked after him with loathing. He rebelled against the wickedness of this man, who had designedly taken him to his house so that he might have him in his power. He looked about to see if he could escape, but found the windows grated and the door locked. Finally, after his spirit had long revolted at the idea, he decided to accept the merchant's proposal for the present. He saw clearly that nothing better remained for him to do; for even if he were to run away, he could not reach Balsora without money. But he made up his mind to seek the caliph's protection as soon as possible.



On the following day, Kalum Bek led his new servant to his shop in the bazaar. He showed Said the shawls, veils, and other wares in which he dealt, and instructed the youth in his strange duties. These required that Said, stripped of his soldierly costume and clad like a merchant's servant, should stand in the doorway of the shop, with a shawl in one hand and a splendid veil in the other, and cry out his wares to the passers-by, name the price, and invite the people to buy. And now, too it became evident to Said why Kalum Bek had selected him for this business. The merchant was a short, ugly-looking man, and when he himself stood at the door and cried his wares, many of the neighbors, as well as the passersby, would make fun of his appearance, or the boys would tease him, while the women called him a scarecrow; but everybody was pleased with the appearance of young Said, who attracted customers by his graceful deportment and by his clever and tasteful way of exhibiting his shawls and veils.

When Kalum Bek saw that customers thronged to his shop since Said had taken his stand at the door, he became more friendly with the young man, gave him better things to eat than before, and was careful to keep him finely dressed. But Said was little touched by this display of mildness in his master; and the whole day long, and even in his dreams, tried to hit upon some means of returning to his native city.

One day when the sales had been very large, and all the errand boys who delivered parcels at the houses were out on their rounds, a woman entered and made several purchases. She then wanted someone to carry her packages home. "I can send them all up to you in half an hour," said Kalum Bek; "you will either have to wait that long or else take some outside porter."

"Do you pretend to be a merchant and advise your customers to employ strange porters?" exclaimed the woman. "Might not such a fellow run off with my parcels in the crowd? And then whom should I look to? No, you are bound by the practice of the bazaar to send my bundles home for me, and I insist on your doing it!"

"But wait for just half an hour, worthy lady!" exclaimed the merchant excitedly. "All my errand boys have been sent out."

"It's a poor shop that don't have errand boys constantly at hand," interrupted the angry woman. "But there stands one of your

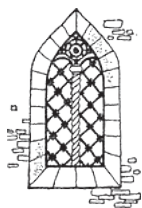
good-for-nothings now! Come, young fellow, take my parcel and follow after me."

"Stop! Stop!" cried Kalum Bek. "He is my signboard, my crier, my magnet! He cannot stir from the threshold!"

"What's that!" exclaimed the old lady, thrusting her bundle under Said's arm without further parley. "It is a poor merchant that depends on such a useless clown for a sign, and those are miserable wares that cannot speak for themselves. Go, go, fellow; you shall earn a fee today."

"Go then, in the name of Ariman and all evil spirits!" muttered Kalum Bek to his magnet, "and see that you come right back; the old hag might give me a bad name all over the bazaar if I refuse to comply with her demands."

Said followed the woman, who hastened through the square and down the streets at a much quicker pace than one would have believed a woman of her age capable of. At last she stopped before a splendid house, and knocked; the folding doors flew open, and she ascended a marble staircase, beckoning Said to follow. They came shortly to a high and wide *salon*, more magnificent than any Said had ever seen before. The old woman sank down exhausted on a cushion, motioned the young man to lay down his bundle, handed him a small silver coin, and bade him go.



He had just reached the door, when a clear, musical voice called: "Said!" Surprised that anyone there should know him, he looked around and saw, in place of the old woman, an elegant lady sitting on the cushion, surrounded by numerous slaves and maids. Said, mute with astonishment, crossed his arms and made a low obeisance.

"Said, my dear boy," said the lady, "much as I deplore the misfortune that is the cause of your presence in Bagdad, yet this was the only place decided on by destiny where you might be released from the fate that would surely follow you if you left the homestead before your twentieth year. Said, have you still your whistle?"

"Indeed I have," cried he joyfully, drawing out the golden chain, "and you perhaps are the kind fairy who gave me this token at my birth?"



“I was the friend of your mother, and will be your friend also as long as you remain good. Alas! Would that your father—unthinking man—had followed my counsel! You would then have been spared many sorrows.”

“Well, it had to come to pass!” replied Said. “But, most gracious fairy, harness a strong northeast wind to your carriage of clouds, and take me up with you, and drive me in a few minutes to my father in Balsora; I will wait there patiently until the six months are passed that close my nineteenth year.”

The fairy smiled. “You have a very proper mode of addressing us,” answered she; “but, poor Said! It is not possible. I cannot do anything wonderful for you at present, because you left your homestead. Nor can I even free you from the power of the wretch, Kalum Bek. He is under the protection of your worst enemy.”

“Then I have not only a kind female friend but a female enemy as well?” said Said. “I believe I have often experienced her influence. But at least you might assist me with your counsel. Had I not better go to the caliph and seek his protection? He is a wise man, and would protect me from Kalum Bek.”

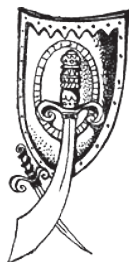
“Yes, Haroun is a wise man,” replied the fairy; “but, sad to say, he is also only a mortal. He trusts his head chamberlain, Messour, as much as he does himself; and he is right in that, for he has tried Messour and found him true. But Messour trusts his friend Kalum Bek as he does himself; and in that he is wrong, for Kalum is a bad man, even if he is a relative of Messour’s. Kalum has a cunning head, and as soon as he had returned from his trip he made up a very pretty fable about you, which he confided to his cousin the chamberlain, who in turn told it to the caliph, so that you would not be very well received were you to go to the palace. But there are other ways and means of approaching him, and it is written on the stars that you shall experience his mercy.”

“That is really too bad,” said Said, mournfully. “I must then serve for a long time yet as the servant of that scoundrel Kalum Bek. But there is one favor, honored fairy, that is in your power to grant me. I have been educated to the use of arms, and my greatest delight is a tournament where there are some sharp contests with the lance, bow and blunt swords. Well, every week just such a tournament takes place

in this city between the young men. But only people of the finest costume, and besides that only *free* men will be allowed to enter the lists, and clerks in the bazaar are particularly excluded. Now if you could arrange that I could have a horse, clothes and weapons every week, and that my face would not be easily recognizable..."

"That is a wish befitting a noble young man," interrupted the fairy. "Your mother's father was the bravest man in Syria, and you seem to have inherited his spirit.

Take notice of this house; you shall find here every week a horse, and two mounted attendants, weapons and clothes, and a lotion for your face that will completely disguise you. And now, Said, farewell! Be patient, wise and virtuous. In six months your whistle will sound, and Zulima's ear will be listening for its tone."



The youth separated from his strange protectress with expressions of gratitude and esteem. He fixed the house and street clearly in his mind, and then went back to the bazaar, which he reached just in the nick of time to save his master from a terrible beating.

A great crowd was gathered before the shop, boys danced about the merchant and jeered at him, while their elders laughed. He stood just before the shop, trembling with suppressed rage, and sadly harassed—in one hand a shawl, in the other a veil. This singular scene was caused by a circumstance that had occurred during Said's absence. Kalum had taken the place of his handsome clerk at the door, but no one cared to buy of the ugly old man. Just then two men came to the bazaar wishing to buy presents for their wives. They had gone up and down the bazaar several times, looking in here and there, and Kalum Bek, who had observed their actions for some time, thought he saw his chance, so he called out: "Here,

gentlemen, here! What are you looking for? Beautiful veils, beautiful wares?"

"Good sir," replied one of them, "your wares may do very well, but our wives are peculiar, and it has become the fashion in this city to buy veils only of the handsome clerk, Said. We have been looking



for him this half-hour, but cannot find him; now if you can tell us where we will meet him, we will buy from you some other time.”

“Allah il Allah!” cried Kalum Bek with a smirk. “The Prophet has led you to the right door. You wish to buy veils of the handsome Said? Good, just step inside; this is his place.”

One of the men laughed at Kalum’s short and ugly figure, and his assertion that he was the handsome clerk; but the other, believing that Kalum was trying to make sport of him, did not remain long in his debt, but paid the merchant back in his own coin. Kalum Bek was beside himself; he called his neighbors to witness that his was the only shop in the bazaar that went by the name of “the shop of the handsome clerk;” but the neighbors, who envied him the run of custom he had enjoyed for some time, pretended not to know anything about the matter, and the two men then made an attack upon the old liar, as they called him. Kalum defended himself more with shrieks and curses than by the use of his fists, and thus attracted a large crowd before his shop. Half the city knew him to be a mean, avaricious old miser, nor did the bystanders grudge him the cuffs he received; and one of his assailants had just plucked the old man by the beard, when his arm was seized, and with a sudden jerk he was thrown to the ground with such violence that his turban fell off and his slippers flew to some distance.

The crowd, which very likely would have been rejoiced to see Kalum Bek well punished, grumbled loudly. The fallen man’s companion looked around to see who it was that had ventured to throw his friend down; but when he saw a tall, strong youth, with flashing eyes and courageous mien, standing before him, he did not think it best to attack him, especially as Kalum regarding his rescue as a miracle, pointed to the young man and cried: “Now then! What would you have more? There he stands beyond a doubt, gentlemen; that is Said, the handsome clerk.” The people standing about laughed, while the prostrate man got up shamefacedly, and limped off with his companion without buying either shawl or veil.



"O you star of all clerks, you crown of the bazaar!" cried Kalum, leading his clerk into the shop; "really, that is what I call being on hand at the right time, and the right kind of interference too. Why, the fellow was laid out as flat on the ground as if he had never stood on his legs, and I—I should have had no use for a barber again to comb and oil my beard, if you had arrived two minutes later! How can I reward you?"

It had been only a momentary sensation of pity which had governed Said's hand and heart; but now that that feeling had passed, he regretted that he had saved this wicked man from a good chastisement. A dozen hairs from his beard, thought Said, would have kept him humble for twelve days. And now the young man thought best to make use of the favorable disposition of the merchant, and therefore asked to be given one evening in each week for a walk or for any other purpose he pleased. Kalum consented, knowing full well that his clerk was too sensible to run off without money or clothes.

On the following Wednesday, the day on which the young men of the best families assembled in the public square in the city to go through their martial exercises. Said asked Kalum if he would let him have this evening for his own use; and on receiving the merchant's permission, he went to the fairy's house, knocked, and the door was immediately opened. The servants seemed to have prepared everything before his arrival; for without questioning him as to his desire, they led him upstairs to a beautiful room, and there handed him the lotion that was to disguise his features. He moistened his face with it, and then glanced into a metallic mirror; he hardly recognized himself, for he was now sunburnt, wore a handsome black beard, and looked to be at least ten years older than he really was.

He was now conducted into a second room, where he found a complete and splendid costume, of which the Caliph of Bagdad need not have been ashamed, on the day when he reviewed his army in all his magnificence. Together with a turban of the finest texture, with a clasp of diamonds and a long heron's plume, Said found a coat of mail made of silver rings, so finely worked that it conformed to every movement of his body, and yet was so firm that neither lance nor sword could find a way through it. A Damascus blade in a richly ornamented sheath, and with a handle whose stones seemed to Said to be of priceless value,

completed his warlike appearance. As he came to the door, armed at all points, one of the servants handed him a silk cloth and told him that the mistress of the house sent it to him, and that when he wiped his face with it, the beard and the complexion would disappear.

In the courtyard stood three beautiful horses; Said mounted the finest, and his attendants the other two, and rode off with a light heart to the square where the contest was to be held. The splendor of his costume and the brightness of his weapons drew all eyes upon him, and a general buzz of astonishment followed his entrance into the ring. It was a brilliant assemblage of the bravest and noblest youths of Bagdad, where even the brothers of the caliph were seen flying about on their horses and swinging their lances. On Said's approach, as no one seemed to know him, the son of the grand vizier, with some of his friends, rode up to him, greeted him politely, and invited him to take part in their contests, at the same time inquiring his name and whence he came. Said represented to them that his name was Almansor, and he hailed from Cairo; that he had set out upon a journey, but having heard so much said about the skill and bravery of the young noblemen of Bagdad, he could not refrain from delaying his journey in order to get acquainted with them. The young men were highly pleased with the bearing and courageous appearance of Said-Almansor; handed him a lance, and had him select his opponent, as the whole company were divided into two parties, in order that they might assault one another both singly and in groups.

But the attention which had been attracted by Said was now concentrated upon the unusual skill and dexterity which he displayed in combat. His horse was swifter than a bird, while his sword whizzed about in still more rapid circles. He threw the lance at its mark as easily and with as much accuracy as if it had been an arrow shot from a bow. He conquered the bravest of the opposing force, and at the end of the tournament was so universally recognized as the victor, that one of the caliph's brothers and the son of the grand vizier, who had both fought on Said's side, requested the pleasure of breaking a lance with him. Ali, the caliph's brother, was soon conquered by Said; but the grand vizier's son withstood him so bravely that after a long contest they thought it best to postpone the decision until the next meeting.



The day after the tournament, nothing was spoken of in Bagdad but the handsome, rich, and brave stranger. All who had seen him, even those over whom he had triumphed, were charmed by his well-bred manners. He even heard his own praises sounded in the shop of Kalum Bek, and it was only deplored that no one knew where he lived.

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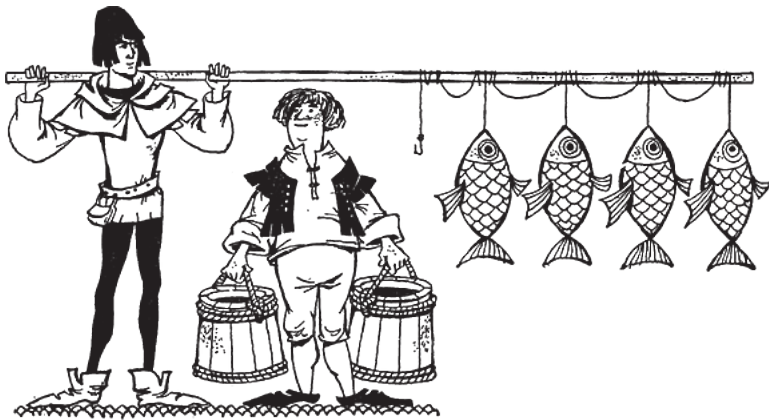




## THE CAVE OF STEENFOLL

(A Scottish Legend)

On one of Scotland's rocky islands, there dwelt many years ago, two fishermen, who lived in complete harmony. Both were unmarried; neither of them had any relatives living; and their common labor, although differently directed, sufficed to support them both. They were of about the same age, but in person and disposition they resembled each other as little as do an eagle and a sea-calf.



Kaspar Strumpf was a short, stout man, with a broad, fat, full-moon face, and good-natured, laughing eyes, to which sorrow and care appeared to be strangers. He was not only fat, but sleepy and lazy

as well; and therefore the house work, cooking and baking, and repairing of nets for the capture of fish for their own table and for the market, devolved on him, as well as a large part of the cultivation of the small field attached to their cabin. Quite the opposite was his companion, tall and lank, with Roman nose and keen eyes; he was known as the most industrious and luckiest fisherman, the most daring cliff-climber after birds and down, the hardest field worker, on the whole island. Besides all this, he was considered the keenest trader on the Kirkwall market; but as his wares were good, and his transactions above reproach, everyone dealt willingly with him. Thus William Falcon and Kaspar Strumpf—with whom the former, avaricious as he was, freely divided his hardly-earned gains—not only made a good living, but were in a fair way of acquiring a certain degree of wealth. But a competence would not satisfy Falcon's covetous soul; he wanted to be rich, extremely rich, and as he had already found out that riches accumulate but slowly in the usual course of industry, he at last settled into the conviction that he should have to attain his riches through some extraordinary stroke of fortune. When this idea had once taken possession of his mind, there was no room left for anything else, and he began to talk this shadowy windfall over with Kaspar Strumpf, as though it had already come to pass. Kaspar, who received everything that Falcon said as scripture, repeated all this to his neighbors: and so the report was spread abroad that William Falcon had either sold his soul to the evil one, or had at least received an offer for it from the prince of the infernal regions.



At first, these reports caused much amusement to Falcon; but gradually he began to entertain the notion that a spirit might sometime reveal a treasure to him, and he no longer contradicted his acquaintances when they twitted him on the subject. He continued his usual occupations, but with far less zeal than before, and often consumed a great part of the time, that he had formerly passed in fishing or other useful avocations, in idle search for some kind of an adventure by which he should suddenly become rich. To still further complete this unfortunate tendency of his mind, it happened that as he was standing one day on the lonely

sea-shore, looking out on the restless sea as if he were expecting his good fortune would come from thence, a large wave rolled a yellow ball to his feet amongst a mass of moss and loosened stone—a ball of gold!

Falcon stood as if bewitched. His hopes, then, had not been unsubstantial dreams; the sea had given him gold, beautiful shining gold, the fragment probably of a heavy bar of gold which the sea had rolled on its bottom into the size and shape of a musket ball. And now it was clear to his mind that somewhere on this coast there must have been a treasure ship wrecked, and that he had been selected as the chosen one to raise this buried treasure from the sea. From this time forth, this search for treasure became the passion of his life. He strove to conceal the golden nugget even from his friend, so that others might not discover his purpose. He neglected everything else, and spent his days and nights on this coast, not casting his net for fishes, but throwing out a scoop, that he had specially prepared for the purpose, for gold.

But he found poverty instead of wealth; for he earned nothing now himself, and Kaspar's sleepy efforts would not support them both. In the search for the larger mass of gold, not only the nugget was used up, but the entire property of the two men as well. But as Strumpf had formerly received the largest part of his living by Falcon's efforts, taking it all as a matter of course, so now he looked on the profitless undertaking of his friend silently and without a murmur; and it was just this meek forbearance on the part of his friend that spurred Falcon on to continue his restless search for wealth. But what made him still more active in his search was, that as often as he laid down to rest and closed his eyes in sleep, a word was sounded in his ear that he seemed to have heard very plainly, and that always appeared to be the same word, and yet he could never recall it. To be sure, he did not see what connection this circumstance, singular as it was, might have with his present purpose; but upon a spirit like William Falcon's everything made an impression, and even this mysterious whisper helped to strengthen his belief that great good luck was in store for him, which he expected to find only in a heap of gold.

One day he was surprised by a storm on the shore in the same place where he had found the nugget, and he was forced to take refuge from its fury in a cave near by. This cave, which the inhabitants called

the cave of Steenfoll, consists of a long underground passage opening on the sea, with two entrances, and permitting a free passage of the waves that were continually foaming through them with a loud roar. This cave could be entered only from one place, through a fissure from above, that was but seldom approached except by venturesome boys, as in addition to the natural dangers of the spot, the cavern was reported to be haunted. Falcon let himself down through this opening with some difficulty, for about twelve feet, and took a seat on a projecting piece of rock beneath an overhanging ledge, where, with the roaring waves beneath his feet and the raging storm above his head, he fell into his usual train of thought about the wrecked ship and what kind of a ship it might have been; for in spite of all his inquiries, he could not obtain any information of a vessel having been wrecked on this spot, even from the oldest inhabitants. How long he sat thus he did not know himself; but when he finally awoke from his reveries, he found that the storm was over, and he was about to clamber up again, when a voice from out of the depths pronounced the word "*Car-milhan*" very distinctly. He climbed up to the top again, and looked down into the abyss once more in great terror. "Great Heavens!" exclaimed he, "that is the word that disturbs my sleep! What does it mean?" "*Carmilhan!*" was the sighing response that came once more from the cave; and he fled to his hut like a frightened deer.



Falcon was no coward; his fright was more from surprise than fear; and, more than this, the greed for gold was too powerful in him to allow of his being easily driven from his dangerous path. Once, as he was fishing with his scoop for treasure by moonlight, opposite the cave of Steenfoll, his scoop caught on something. He pulled with all his strength, but the mass was immovable. In the meantime the wind had risen, dark clouds overcast the sky, the boat rocked and threatened to turn over; but Falcon did not lose his presence of mind; he pulled and pulled at his scoop until the resistance ceased, and as he felt no weight he concluded that his rope had broken. But just as the clouds were about to obscure the moon's light, a round, black mass appeared on the surface of the water,

and the word that haunted him, "*Carmilhan*," was spoken. He made a quick effort to seize the object; but as soon as he stretched out his arm it disappeared in the darkness, and the coming storm forced him to seek protection under the rocks near by. Here, overcome by exhaustion, he fell asleep, only to be tormented in dreams by an unbridled imagination, and to suffer anew the pangs experienced in his waking hours, caused by his restless search for wealth.

When Falcon waked, the first rays of the rising sun fell upon the bosom of the sea, as smooth now as a mirror. He was just about to set out on his accustomed work, when he saw something coming towards him from the distance. He soon recognized it as a boat. Within it sat a human figure; but what aroused his greatest astonishment was that the vessel came on without the aid of sail or oar, and its prow pointed for land without the person sitting in the boat paying any attention to the rudder, if there were one. The boat came nearer, and finally stopped near William's boat. Its occupant proved to be a little dried-up old man, dressed in yellow linen, and wearing a red peaked night-cap. His eyes were closed, and he sat as motionless as a mummy. After vainly shouting at him and jarring the boat. Falcon was in the act of making a line fast to the boat to tow it off, when the little man opened his eyes, and began to bestir himself in such a manner as to fill even the bold fisherman's mind with dread.



"Where am I?" asked he in Dutch, after a deep sigh. Falcon who had learned something of that language from the Dutch herring-fishermen, told him the name of the island, and inquired who he was and what errand brought him here.

"I have come to look for the *Carmilhan*."

"The *Carmilhan*? For Heaven's sake, what is that?" cried the curious fisherman.

"I won't give an answer to questions addressed to me in such a manner," replied the little man.

"Well then," shouted Falcon, "what is the *Carmilhan*?"

"The *Carmilhan* is nothing now; but once it was a beautiful ship, carrying more gold than ever a vessel carried before."

"Where was it wrecked, and when?"

"It was a hundred years ago; where, I do not know exactly. I come to search for the spot and recover the lost gold; if you will help me we will divide what we find."

"With my whole heart; only tell me what I must do."

"What you will have to do requires courage. You must go just before midnight to the wildest and loneliest region on the island, leading a cow, which you must slaughter there, and get someone to wrap you up in the cow's fresh hide. Your companion must then lay you down and leave you alone, and before it strikes one o'clock you will know where the treasures of the *Carmilhan* lies."

"It was in just such a way that old Engrol was destroyed, body and soul!" cried Falcon, with horror. "You are the evil one himself," continued he as he rowed quickly away. "Go back to hell! I won't have anything to do with you."

The little man gnashed his teeth, and cursed him; but Falcon, who had seized both oars, was soon out of hearing, and on turning round a rocky promontory was out of sight as well.

But the discovery that the evil one was taking advantage of his avarice by seeking to ensnare him with gold, did not open the eyes of the blinded fisherman, but on the contrary he determined to make use of the information the little man had given him, without putting himself in the power of the evil one. So while he continued to fish for gold on the desolate coast, he neglected the prosperity offered by large schools of fish off other parts of the coast as well as all other expedients to which he had once turned his attention, and sank with his companion into deeper poverty from day to day, until the common necessities of life began to fail them. But although this ruin might be wholly ascribed to Falcon's obstinacy and cupidity, and the maintenance of both had fallen on Kaspar Strumpf alone, yet the latter never once reproached his companion, but on the other hand continued to

display the same subjection to him, and the same confidence in his superior understanding, as at the time when everyone of his undertakings was successful. This circumstance increased Falcon's sorrows not a little, but drove him into a still keener search for gold, hoping thereby soon to be able to indemnify his companion for so great forbearance. The word *Carmilhan* still haunted him in his sleep. In short, need, disappointed hopes, and avarice, drove him finally into a species of insanity, so that he really resolved to do that which the little man had advised—although knowing that, as the legend ran, he thereby gave himself up to the powers of darkness.

Kaspar's objections were all in vain. Falcon became the more determined, the more Kaspar besought him to give up his desperate purpose; and finally the good, weak-minded fellow consented to accompany him and assist him in carrying out his plan. The hearts of both men were saddened, as they tied a rope to the horns of a beautiful cow that they had owned since she was a calf, and that was now their last piece of property; they had often refused to sell her before, because they could not bear the thought of letting her go into strange hands. But the evil spirit that now controlled Falcon's actions triumphed over his better nature; nor did Kaspar know how to restrain him in anything.

It was now September, and the long nights of the Scottish winter had already begun. The night clouds were driven along before the raw night wind, and were banked up in masses like icebergs. Deep shadows filled the ravines between the mountains and the peat-bogs, and the troubled channels of the streams appeared black and fearful. Falcon led the way and Strumpf followed, shuddering at his own boldness. Tears filled Kaspar's eyes as often as he looked at the poor creature that was going so unconsciously and trustfully to its death, to be dealt it by the hand that had always fed and caressed it.

With much difficulty they entered a narrow marshy valley, which was here and there strewn with rocks, with patches of moss and heathers, and was shut in by a chain of wild mountains whose outlines were lost in a gray mist, and whose steep sides had seldom been ascended by a human foot. They approached a large rock in the centre of the valley over the shaking bog, from





which a frightened eagle flew screaming into the sky. The poor cow lowed, as if aware of the terrors of the place and the fate that awaited her. Kaspar turned aside to wipe away the fast falling tears. He looked down to the rocky opening through which they had come, from which point could be heard the breakers on the distant coast, and then up to the mountain peaks, upon which a coal-black cloud had settled, from which might be heard from time to time dull mutterings of thunder. As he looked toward Falcon he found that his friend had made the cow fast to the rock, and now stood with uplifted ax in the very act of dealing her death blow.

This was too much for Kaspar. Wringing his hands, he fell upon his knees. "For God's sake, William Falcon!" shouted he in despairing tones, "save yourself! Spare the cow! Save yourself and me! Save your soul! Save your life! And if you will persist in tempting God, wait at least until tomorrow and sacrifice some other animal than our own cow!"

"Kaspar, are you crazy?" shrieked Falcon, like a madman, while he still held the ax swinging in the air. "Shall I spare the cow and starve?"

"You shall not starve," answered Kaspar, resolutely. "As long as I have hands you shall not suffer hunger. I will work for you day and night, so that you do not endanger the peace of your soul, and let the poor creature live for my sake!"

"Then take the ax and split my head!" shouted Falcon, in desperation. "I won't move from this spot until I have what I desire. Can you raise the treasures of the *Carmilhan* for me? Can your hands earn more than the merest necessities of life? But you can put an end to my misery. Come, and let me be the victim!"

"William, kill the cow, kill me! It does not matter to me, I was only anxious about the salvation of your soul. Alas! This was the altar of the Picts, and the sacrifice that you would bring belongs to the darkness."

"I don't know anything about that," cried Falcon, laughing wildly, like one who is resolved not to listen to anything that might swerve him from his purpose. "Kaspar, you are crazy and make me crazy, too. But there," continued he, throwing away the ax and picking up his knife from the stone as if about to stab himself; "there, I will kill myself instead of the cow!"



Kaspar was at his side in a twinkling, tore the murderous weapon from his hand, seized the ax, poised it high in the air, and brought it down with such a force on the poor cow's head, that she fell dead at her master's feet.

A flash of lightning, accompanied by a peal of thunder, followed this rash act, and Falcon stared at his friend in astonishment. But Strumpf was disturbed neither by the thunder-clap nor by the fixed stare of his companion; and without speaking a word, fell to work at removing the hide. When Falcon had recovered from his amazement, he assisted his companion at this task, but with as evident aversion as he had before manifested eagerness to see the sacrifice completed. During their work the thunderstorm had gathered, the thunder reverberated among the mountains, and fearful flashes played about the rock; while the wind roared through the lower valleys and along the coast. And when at last the two fishermen had stripped the hide off, they found that they were wet through to the skin. They spread the hide out on the ground, and Kaspar wrapped and tied Falcon up in it. Then, for the first time, when all this was done, poor Kaspar broke the long silence by saying in a trembling voice, as he looked down at his deluded friend: "Can I do anything more for you, William?"



"Nothing more," replied the other; "farewell!"

“Farewell,” responded Kaspar. “God be with you, and pardon you, as I do.”

These were the last words Falcon heard from him, for Kaspar disappeared in the darkness; and immediately thereafter the most terrible thunderstorm occurred that William had ever experienced. It began with a flash, that revealed to Falcon’s sight not only the mountains and rocks in his immediate vicinity, but also the valley below, with the foaming sea and the rocky islets in the bay, between which he thought he had a vision of a large foreign ship, dismasted; though the sight was instantly lost again in the inky darkness. The thunder-claps were deafening. A mass of splintered rock rolled down the mountain-side and threatened to crush him. The rain poured down in such torrents that the narrow, marshy valley was flooded with a stream that soon reached to Falcon’s shoulders; fortunately Kaspar had laid him with the upper part of his body on a slight elevation, else he would surely have drowned. The water rose still higher, and the more Falcon exerted himself to get out of his dangerous situation, the tighter did the hide seem to wrap itself about his limbs. All in vain did he call for Kaspar. Kaspar was far away. He did not dare to call on God in his distress, and a shudder ran through his frame whenever he thought of appealing for assistance to the powers into whose clutches he was conscious of having delivered himself.

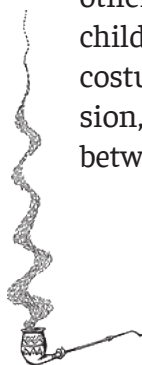
Already the water crept into his ears; now it touched the edge of his lips. “Oh, God! I am lost!” screamed he, as he felt the water sweep over his face; but in the same instant the sound of a waterfall close by came dimly to his ears, and his face was immediately uncovered. The flood had forced a passage through the stone; and as the rain slackened and the sky grew lighter, so did his despair abate, and a ray of hope returned to his mind. But although he felt as exhausted as if just emerged from a death-struggle, and ardently wished to be released from his imprisonment, still the purpose of his desperate efforts was not yet accomplished, and with the vanishing of immediate deadly peril, the demon of greed returned to his breast. But, convinced that he must remain in his present situation in order to attain his end, he kept very quiet, and finally, overcome by cold and exhaustion, fell into a sound sleep.

He might have slept two hours, when a cold wind blowing over his face, and a roaring, as of oncoming waves, aroused him from his happy state of oblivion. The sky was darkened anew. A flash, like that which had ushered in the first storm, lighted up once more the surrounding region, and he fancied he had another vision of the strange ship, that was now poised for an instant on the crest of an enormous wave close to the Steenfoll cliffs, and then appeared to shoot suddenly into the rocky chasm. He continued to stare after the phantom, as the sea was now illuminated by unceasing flashes of lightning, when suddenly a water-spout rose from the valley, near where he lay, and dashed him so violently against a rock as to deprive him of his senses. When he recovered consciousness, the weather had cleared, the sky was bright, but the lightning still continued.

He lay close at the base of the mountains that shut in this valley, feeling so badly bruised that he had no desire to stir. He heard the quieter beating of the surf, mingled with a solemn melody like that of a psalm. These tones were at first so faint that he thought they must be an illusion; but they occurred again and again, each time clearer and nearer, and at last he thought he could distinguish the melody of a psalm which he had heard on board a Dutch fishing-smack the summer before. Finally he could also make out voices, and he seemed to be able to distinguish the words of the song. The voices were now in the valley, and he pushed himself, with difficulty, to a stone, upon which he raised his head, and perceived a procession of human figures, evidently the singers he had heard, and who were coming directly towards him. Care and grief were expressed on the faces of these people; and water was dripping from their clothes. Now they were close to him, and their song ceased. At their head were several musicians; then followed some seamen, and after these came a tall and strong man in a costume richly decorated with gold, apparently belonging to a past age. A sword hung at his side, and he carried in his hand a stout Spanish cane with a gold head. At his left side walked a negro boy, who, from time to time, handed his master a long-stemmed pipe, from which the latter would take several grave puffs and then walk on. He stopped bolt upright before Falcon, while other men, less splendidly dressed, ranged themselves on either side of him. They all had pipes in their hands,

not, however, as costly as that of their leader. Behind them came still other persons, among them being several women, some of whom had children in their arms or at their apron strings, and all in costly foreign costumes. A crowd of Dutch sailors brought up the rear of the procession, each one having a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and holding between his teeth a little cutty pipe, which he smoked in gloomy silence.

The fisherman shuddered as he looked at this singular assembly; but his expectation that something would come of it all kept his courage up. For some time the strange people stood around him thus, and the smoke from their pipes floated over them like a cloud, through which peeped the stars. The men closed in on Falcon in an ever-narrowing circle; the smoking became more and more vehement, and the clouds that arose from pipe and mouth increased in density.



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## THE MARBLE HEART, PART II

**W**hen Peter went to his glassworks on Monday morning, he found not only his workmen there, but also other people who do not make very pleasant visitors—the sheriff and three bailiffs. The sheriff bade Peter good morning, asked how he had slept, and then took out a long register, on which were inscribed the names of Peter’s creditors. “Can you pay or not?” demanded the sheriff in a severe tone. “And be quick about the matter too, for I have not much time to spare, and the prison is a three hours ride from here.” Peter, in great despondency, confessed that he was unable to pay the claims, and left it to the sheriff to appraise his house, glassworks, stable, and horses and carriage.

While the officials were conducting their examination, it occurred to Peter that the Tannenbühl was not far away, and as the little man had not helped him, he would try the big man. He ran to the Tannenbühl as fast as though the officers had been at his heels; and it seemed to him, as he rushed by the spot where he had first spoken to the Little Glass-Man, that an invisible hand seized him, but he tore himself out of its grasp and ran on till he came to the boundary line, which he remembered well; and hardly had he shouted: “Dutch Michell! Dutch Michell!” when the giant raftsman, with his immense pole, stood before him.

“Have you come at last?” said the giant, laughing. “Do they want to strip you for the benefit of your creditors? Well, be quiet; your whole trouble comes, as I told you it would, from the Little Glass-Man—the hypocrite. When one gives, one should give generously, and not like this miser. But come,” continued he, turning towards the forest, “follow me to my house, and we will see whether we can make a trade.”

“Make a trade?” reflected Peter. “What can he want from me? How can I make a bargain with him? Does he want me to do him some service, or what is it he’s after?”

They walked over a steep forest path, and suddenly came upon a dark and deep ravine. Dutch Michel sprang down the rocks as if they were an easy marble staircase; but Peter came near fainting with fright, when Dutch Michel on reaching the bottom, made himself as tall as a church steeple, and stretched out an arm as long as a weaver’s beam, with a hand as broad as the table in the tavern, and shouted in a voice that echoed like a deep funeral bell: “Set down on my hand and hold fast to the fingers, and you will not fall.” Peter tremblingly obeyed him, taking a seat on the giant’s hand, and holding on to his thumb.



They went down and down for a great distance, but still, to Peter’s astonishment it did not grow darker; on the contrary, it seemed to be lighter in the ravine, so that for some time his eyes could not endure the light. The farther they descended, the smaller did Dutch Michel make himself, and he now, in his former stature, stood before a house neither better nor worse than those owned by wealthy peasants in the Black Forest. The room into which Peter was conducted did not differ from the rooms of other houses, except that an indescribable air of loneliness pervaded it. The wooden clock, the enormous Dutch tile stove, the utensils on the shelves, were the same as those in use everywhere. Michel showed him to a seat behind the large table and



then went out, returning soon with a pitcher of wine and glasses. He poured out the wine, and they talked at random, until Dutch Michel began to tell about the pleasures of the world, of strange lands, and of beautiful cities and rivers, so that Peter at last became possessed of a strong desire to travel also, and told the giant so openly.

"However desirous you might be of undertaking anything, a couple of quick beats of your silly heart would make you tremble; and as for injured reputation, for misfortune, why should a sensible fellow trouble himself with such matters? Did you feel the insult in your head when recently you were called a cheat and swindler? Did your stomach pain you when the sheriff came to turn you out of house and home? Tell me, where were you conscious of pain?"

"In my heart," answered Peter, laying his hand on his breast; for it seemed to him as though his heart was swinging to and fro unsteadily.

"You have—don't take it amiss—you have thrown away many hundred guildens on idle beggars and other low fellows; how did that benefit you? They blessed you, and wished you a long life; do you therefore expect to live the longer? For the half of that wasted money you could have employed physicians in your illness. Blessings?—Yes, it's a fine blessing to have your property seized and yourself put out of doors! And what was it that induced you to put your hand in your pocket whenever a beggar held out his tattered hat?—your heart, once more your heart; and neither your eyes nor your tongue, your arms nor your legs, but your heart. You took it—as the saying is—too much to heart."

"But how can one train himself so that it would not be so anymore? I am exerting myself now to control my heart, and still it beats and torments me."

"Yes, no doubt you find that the case," replied the giant, with a laugh. "You, poor fellow, can not manage it at all; but give me the little beating thing, and then you will see how much better off you will be."

"Give you my heart?" shrieked Peter in terror. "I should certainly die on the spot! No, never!"

"Yes, if one of your learned surgeons was to perform the operation of removing the heart from your body, you would certainly die;

but with me it would be quite another thing. Still, come this way, and satisfy yourself." So saying, he got up, opened a chamber door, and took Peter inside. The young man's heart contracted spasmodically as he stepped over the sill, but he paid no attention to it, for the sight that met his eyes was strange and surprising. On a row of shelves stood glasses filled with a transparent fluid, and in each of these glasses was a human heart; the glasses were also labeled with names, written on paper slips, and Peter read them with great curiosity. Here was the heart of the magistrate at F., of the Stout Ezekiel, of the King of the Ball, of the head gamekeeper; there were the hearts of six corn factors, of eight recruiting officers, of three scriveners—in short, it was a collection of the most respectable hearts within a circumference of sixty miles.

"Look!" said Dutch Michel. "All these have thrown away the cares and sorrows of life. Not one of these hearts beats anxiously any longer, and their former possessors are glad to be well rid of their troublesome guests."

"But what do they carry in the breast in place of them?" asked Peter, whose head began to swim at what he had seen.

"This," answered the giant, handing him, from a drawer, a *stone heart*.

"What!" exclaimed Peter, as a chill crept over him. "A heart of marble? But look you, Dutch Michel, that must be very cold in the breast."

"Certainly; but it is an agreeable coolness. Why should a heart be warm? In winter the warmth of it is of no account; good cherry rum you would find a better protection against the cold than a warm heart, and in summer, when you are sweltering in the heat, you can not imagine how such a heart will cool you. And, as I said before, there will be no further anxiety or terror, neither anymore silly pity, nor any sorrow, with such a heart in your breast."

"And is that all you are able to give me?" asked Peter discontentedly. "I hope for money, and you offer me a stone!"

"Well, I think a hundred thousand guldens will do you to start with. If you handle that well, you can soon become a millionaire."



“One hundred thousand!” shouted the poor charcoal burner joyfully. “There, don’t beat so violently in my breast, we will soon be through with one another. All right, Michel; give me the stone and the money, and you may take the restless thing out of its cage.”

“I thought you would show yourself to be a sensible fellow,” said Dutch Michel smiling. “Come, let us drink once more together, and then I will count out the money.”

So they sat down to the wine again, and drank until Peter fell into a deep sleep.



§

He was finally awakened by the ringing notes of a bugle horn, and behold, he sat in a beautiful carriage, driving over a broad highway, and as he turned to look out of the carriage, he saw the Black Forest lying far behind him in the blue distance. At first he could hardly realize that it was he himself who sat in the carriage; for even his clothes were not the same that he had worn yesterday. But he remembered everything that had occurred so clearly, that he said: “I am Charcoal Pete, that is certain, and nobody else.”

He was surprised that he felt no sensation of sorrow, now that for the first time he was leaving behind him his home and the woods where he had lived so long. He could neither sigh nor shed a tear, as he thought of his mother whom he was leaving in want and sorrow; for all this was a matter of indifference to him now. “Tears and sighs,” thought he, “homesickness and melancholy, come from the heart, and—thanks to Dutch Michel—mine is cold and stony.”

He laid his hand on his breast, and it was perfectly quiet there. “If he has kept his word as well with the hundred thousand guldens as he has about the heart, I shall be happy,” said he, and at once began a search in his carriage; he found all manner of clothes, as fine as he could wish them, but no money. At last he came upon a pocket which contained many thousand thalers in gold, and drafts on bankers in all the large cities. “Now it’s all just as I wanted it,” thought he; and settling himself comfortably in a corner of the carriage, he journeyed out into the wide world.

He traveled for two years about the world, looking out from his carriage to the right and left at the buildings he passed by; and when he entered a city he looked out only for the sign of the tavern. After dinner he would be driven about the town, and have the sights pointed out to him. But neither picture, house, music, dancing, nor anything else, rejoiced him. His heart of stone could not feel an interest in anything, and his eyes and ears were dulled to all that was beautiful. No pleasures remained to him but those of eating, drinking and sleeping. Now and then, it is true, he recalled the fact, that he had been happier when he was poor and worked for his own support. Then every beautiful view in the valley, the sound of music and song, had rejoiced him; then he had been satisfied with the simple fare that his mother had prepared and brought out to his fires. When he thus thought of the past, it seemed very singular to him that he could not laugh at all now, while then every little jest had amused him. When others laughed, he simply affected to do the same as a mere matter of politeness; but his heart did not join in the merriment. He felt then that although he was destitute of emotion, yet he was far from being contented. It was not homesickness or melancholy, but dullness, weariness, and a joyless life, that finally drove him back to his native place.



As he passed by Strasbourg and saw the dark forest in the distance, as he once more saw the strong forms and honest, faithful faces of the inhabitants of the Black Forest, as his ear caught the strong, deep, well-remembered tones of his countrymen's voices, he put his hand quickly to his heart, for his blood danced through his veins, and

he thought he should both weep and rejoice; but—how could he be so foolish?—he had only a heart of stone, and stones are without feeling, and neither laugh nor weep.

His first visit was to Dutch Michel, who received him with much show of friendliness. “Michel,” said Peter, “I have travelled and have seen everything, but experienced only weariness. Upon the whole, the stone I carry in my breast saves me from manythings; I never get angry, am never sad, but at the same time I am never happy, and it seems to me as if I only half lived. Can not you make the stone heart a little more sensitive? Or, give me back rather my old heart. I was accustomed to it for twenty-five years, and even if it did sometimes lead me into a foolish act, still it was a contented and happy heart.”

The Spirit of the Forest laughed scornfully. “When you are once dead, Peter Munk,” replied he, “your heart shall not be missing; then you shall have back your soft, sensitive heart, and then you will have an opportunity to feel whatever comes, joy or sorrow. But in this world it can never be yours again. Still, Peter, although you have travelled, it won’t do you any good to live in the way you have been doing. Settle down somewhere here in the forest, build a house, marry, double your wealth; you were only in want of some employment. Because you were idle, you experienced weariness; and now you would charge it all to this innocent heart.”

Peter saw that Michel was right, so far as idleness was concerned, and resolved to devote his energies to acquiring more and more riches. Michel presented him with another hundred thousand gulden, and the two parted on the best of terms.

The news soon spread throughout the Black Forest that Charcoal Pete, or Gambler Pete, was back again, and richer than before. Things went on as they had done. When he had been reduced to beggary, he was kicked out of the tavern door; and when now, on one Sunday afternoon he drove up to the tavern, his old associates shook his hand, praised his horse, inquired about his journey; and when he began to play with the Stout Ezekiel again for silver thalers, he stood higher than ever in the esteem of the hangers-on. Instead of the glass business, he now went into the timber trade; but this was only for sake of

appearance, as his chief business was that of a corn factor and money lender. Fully half of the inhabitants of the Black Forest gradually fell into his debt, as he only lent money at ten per cent interest, or sold corn to the poor, who could not pay cash for it, at three times what it was worth. He stood in intimate relations with the sheriff, and if one did not pay Mr. Peter Munk on the day his note fell due, the sheriff would ride over to the debtor's place, seize his house and land, sell it without delay, and drive father, mother and child into the forest. At first this course of action caused Peter some little trouble, for the people who had been driven out of their homes blockaded his gates—the men pleading for time, the women attempting to soften his heart of stone, and the children crying for a piece of bread. But when he had provided himself with a couple of savage mastiffs, this *charivari*, as he called it, very soon ceased. He whistled to the dogs, and set them on the pack of beggars, who would scatter with screams in all directions. But the most trouble was given him by an old woman, who was none other than Peter's mother. She had been plunged into misery and want, since her house and lot had been sold, and her son, on his return, rich as he was, would not look after her wants. Therefore she occasionally appeared at his door, weak and old, leaning on a staff. She dared not enter the house, for he had once chased her out of the door; but it pained her to live on the charity of other people, when her own son was so well able to provide for her old age. But the cold heart was never disturbed by the sight of the pale, well-known features, by her pleading looks or by the withered, outstretched hand, or the tottering form. And when on a Saturday she knocked at his door, he would take out a sixpence, grumbling meanwhile, roll it up in a piece of paper, and send it out to her by a servant. He could hear her trembling voice as she returned thanks and wished that all happiness might be his; he heard her steal away from the door coughing, but gave her no further thought, except to reproach himself with having thrown away a good sixpence.

Finally Peter began to think about getting married. He knew that there was not a father in the whole Black Forest who would not have been glad to give him his daughter; but he meant to be particular in his choice, for he wished that in this matter, too, his luck and

his judgment should be recognized. Therefore he rode all through the forest, searching here and there, but not one of the beautiful Black Forest maidens seemed beautiful enough for him. Finally, after he had looked through all the ball rooms in a vain search for his ideal beauty, he one day heard that the daughter of a certain woodchopper was the most beautiful and virtuous of all the Black Forest maidens. She lived a very quiet life, kept her father's house in the neatest order, and never showed herself at a ball, not even on holidays. When Peter heard of this Black Forest beauty, he resolved to obtain her, and rode to the hut to which he was directed. The father of the beautiful Lisbeth received the gentleman in much surprise, but was still more astonished to hear that this was the wealthy Mr. Peter Munk, and that the gentleman wished to become his son-in-law. Believing that now all his cares and his poverty were at an end, the old man did not hesitate very long, but consented to the match without stopping to consult his daughter's inclinations, and the good child was so dutiful that she made no objections, and soon became Mrs. Peter Munk.

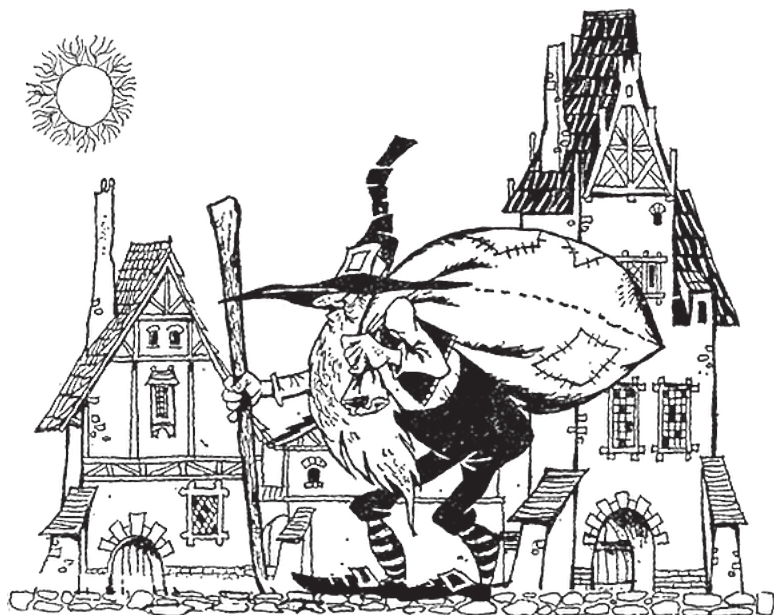
But things did not go as well with the poor girl as she had dreamed. She thought she had a perfect knowledge of how to manage a house; but she could not do anything that seemed to please her husband. She had sympathy with poor people, and, as her husband was so rich, she thought it would be no sin to give a farthing to a poor beggar woman or to hand an old man a cup of tea. But when Peter saw her do this one day, he said, in a harsh voice and with angry looks: "Why do you waste my means on idlers and vagabonds? Did you bring anything into the house, that you can throw money away like a princess? If I catch you at this again, you shall feel my hand!"

The beautiful Lisbeth wept in her chamber over the cruel disposition of her husband, and often did she feel that she would rather be back in her father's hut than to live with the rich but miserly and hard-hearted Peter. Alas, had she known that her husband had a marble heart, and could neither love her nor anyone else, she would not have





wondered so much at his actions. But whenever she sat at the door, and a beggar came up, took off his hat and began to speak, she now cast her eyes down that she might not see the poor fellow, and clasped her hands lighter lest she should involuntarily feel in her pocket for money. So it happened that the beautiful Lisbeth came to be badly spoken of throughout the entire Forest, and it was asserted that she was even more miserly than Peter himself.



But one day while Lisbeth was sitting before the house, spinning, and humming a song—for she felt in unusually good spirits, as the weather was fine and Peter had ridden off—a little old man came up the road, carrying a large, heavy sack. Lisbeth had heard him panting while he was still at some distance, and she looked at him sympathetically, thinking that so old and weak a man ought not to carry so heavy a burden.

In the meantime the man had staggered and panted up, and when he was opposite Lisbeth, he almost fell down under the sack. “Alas, take pity on me, madame, and hand me a glass of water,” said the little man; “I can not go another step, and I fear I shall faint.”



“But at your age you ought not to carry such a heavy load,” said Lisbeth.

“Yes, if I was not forced by poverty to serve as a messenger,” answered he. “Alas, a rich lady like you does not know how poverty pinches, and how refreshing a drink of water would be on such a hot day.”

On hearing this Lisbeth rushed into the house, took a pitcher from the shelf and filled it with water; but when she returned with it, and had come within a few feet of the man, she saw how miserable he appeared as he sat on the sack, and, remembering that her husband was not at home, she set the pitcher of water to one side, got a goblet and filled it with wine, laid a slice of rye bread on top of it, and brought it out to the old man. “There; a sip of wine, at your age, will do you more good than water,” said she. “But don’t drink it so hastily, and eat your bread with it.”

The little man looked at her in astonishment, while tears gathered in his eyes. He drank the wine and then said: “I have grown old, but I have seen few people who were so merciful, and who knew how to make gifts as handsomely and heartily as you do, Frau Lisbeth. And for this your life on earth shall be a happy one; such a heart will not remain without a reward.”

“No, and she shall have her reward on the spot!” shouted a terrible voice; and as they turned, there stood Peter with an angry face.

“So you were pouring out my best wine for beggars, and giving my own goblet to the lips of a vagrant? There, take your reward!”

Lisbeth threw herself at his feet and begged his forgiveness; but the heart of stone felt no pity; he turned the whip he held in his hand, and struck such a blow with the butt of it on her beautiful forehead, that she sank lifeless into the arms of the old man. When Peter saw this, he seemed to regret it on the instant, he bent down to see if there was still life in her, but the little man said to him in a well-known voice: “Don’t trouble yourself. Charcoal Peter! It was the sweetest and loveliest flower in the Black Forest; but you have destroyed it, and it will never bloom again.”





The blood left Peter's cheeks, as he said: "It is you then, Herr Treasure-Man? Well, what is done, is done, and must have come to pass. I hope, however, that you won't charge me with being her murderer before the magistrate."

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## THE SHEIK'S PALACE AND HIS SLAVES



**Ali** Banu, Sheik of Alessandria, was a singular man. When he passed down the street of a morning, with a superb cashmere turban wound about his head, and clad in a festival habit, and sash worth not less than fifty camels, walking with slow and solemn steps, his forehead so contracted that his eyebrows met, his eyes cast down, and at every fifth step stroking his long black beard with a thoughtful air, when he thus took his way to the mosque, to give readings from the Koran to the Faithful, as required by his office; then the people on the street paused, looked after him, and said to one another: "He is really a handsome, stately man." "And rich—a rich gentleman," another added; "extremely wealthy; has he not a palace on the harbor of Stamboul? Has he not estates and lands, and many thousand head of cattle, and a great number of slaves?" "Yes," spoke up a third; "and the Tartar who was recently sent here from Stamboul, with a message for the sheik from the sultan (may the Prophet preserve him), told me that our sheik was thought highly of by the minister of foreign affairs, by the lord high admiral, by all the ministers, in fact; yes, even by the sultan." "Yes," exclaimed a fourth, "fortune attends his steps. He is a wealthy distinguished gentleman; but... but... you know what I mean!" "Yes, certainly," interrupted the others; "it is true he has his burden to carry, and I wouldn't care to change places with him. He is rich, and a man of rank, but, but..."

Ali Banu had a splendid house on the finest square in Alessandria. In front of the house was a broad terrace, surrounded by a marble wall, and shaded by palm trees. Here the sheik often sat of an evening smoking his nargileh. At a respectable distance, twelve richly costumed slaves awaited his orders; one carried his betel, another held his parasol, a third had vessels of solid gold filled with rare sherbet, a fourth carried a fan of peacock's feathers to drive away the flies from his master's person, others were singers and carried lutes and wind instruments to entertain him with music when he so desired, while the best educated of them all carried scrolls from which to read to their master.

But they waited in vain for him to signify his pleasure. He desired neither music nor song; he did not wish to hear passages or poems from the wise poets of the past; he would not taste of the sherbet, nor chew of the betel; and even the slave with the fan had his labor for his pains, as the master was indifferent to the flies that buzzed about him.



The passers-by often stopped and wondered over the splendor of the house, at the richly dressed slaves, and the signs of comfort that prevailed everywhere; but when their eyes fell on the sheik, sitting so grave and melancholy under the palms, with his gaze never once wandering from the little blue clouds of his nargileh, they shook their heads and said: "Truly, this rich man is a poor man. He, who has so much, is poorer than one who has nothing; for the Prophet has not given him the sense to enjoy it." Thus spoke the people; they laughed at him and passed on.

One evening, as the sheik again sat under the palms before his door, in all his pomp, some young men standing in the street looked at him and laughed.

"Truly," said one, "Sheik Ali Banu is a foolish man; had I his wealth, I should make a different use of it. Every day I would live sumptuously and in joy; my friends should dine with me in the large *salons* of the house, and song and laughter should fill these sad halls."

"Yes," rejoined another, "all that might be very fine; but many friends would make short work of a fortune, even were it as large as that of the sultan (whom the Prophet preserve); but if I sat there under the palms, fronting this beautiful square, my slaves should sing and play, my dancers should come and dance and leap and furnish all sorts of entertainment. Then, too, I should take pleasure in smoking the nargileh, should be served with the costly sherbet, and enjoy myself in all this like a king of Bagdad."

"The sheik," said a third young man, who was a writer, "should be a wise and learned man; and really his lectures on the Koran show him to be a man of extensive reading; But is his life ordered as is befitting in a man of sense? There stands a slave, with an armful of scrolls; I

would give my best suit of clothes just to read one of them, for they are certainly rare treasures. But he! Why, he sits and smokes, and leaves books—books—alone! If I were Sheik Ali Banu, the fellow should read to me until he was entirely out of breath, or until night came on; and even then he should read to me till I had fallen asleep.”

“Ha! You will grant that my plan for enjoying life is the best,” laughed a fourth. “Eating and drinking, dancing and singing, hearing the tales and poems of miserable authors! No, I would have it all another way. He has the finest of horses and camels, and abundance of money. In his place, I would travel—travel to the ends of the earth, to the Muscovites, to the Franks; no distance should prevent my seeing the wonders of the world. That’s what I would do, if I were that man yonder.”

“Youth is a beautiful season, and the age at which one is joyful,” said an old man, of insignificant appearance, who stood near them, and had overheard their conversation. “But permit me to say that youth is also foolish, and talks thoughtlessly now and then without knowing what it says.”

“What were you saying, old man?” asked the young men in surprise. “Did you mean us? How does it concern you, if we find fault with the sheik’s mode of life?”

“If one is better informed than another, he should correct the other’s errors; so says the Prophet,” rejoined the old man. “The sheik, it is true, is blessed with plenty, and has everything that the heart could desire; yet he has reason to be sad and melancholy. Did you suppose he was always thus? No; fifteen years ago he was cheerful and active as the gazelle, lived merrily, and enjoyed life. At that time he had a son, the joy of his life, handsome and talented, and those who saw and heard him talk envied the sheik his idol, for he was not more than ten years old, and yet there were few youths of eighteen as well educated.”

“And he died? The poor sheik!” cried the young writer.

“It would be a consolation to the sheik to know that he had gone to the mansions of the Prophet, where he would be better off than here in Alessandria; but that which the sheik had to suffer is far worse. It was at the time when the Franks, like hungry wolves, invaded our land, and waged war against us. They took Alessandria, and from here



they went on further and attacked the Mamelukes. The sheik was a wise man, and understood how to get along with the enemy. But whether it was because they had designs on his treasure, or because he had taken the Faithful into his house, I do not know for a certainty; but they came one day to him and accused him of having secretly supplied the Mamelukes with provisions, horses and weapons. It was of no use that he proved his innocence, for the Franks are a rough, hardhearted people, when it is a question of extorting money. They took his young son, Kairam, as a hostage to their camp. The sheik offered a large sum of money for his return, but they held on to the boy for a still higher bid. In the meantime they received an order from their pasha, or whatever his title might be, to embark on their vessels. Not a soul in Alessandria knew a thing about it, and all at once they were seen standing out to sea, having, it is believed, taken little Kairam with them, as nothing has ever been heard of him since."

"Oh, the poor man! How terribly Allah has chastened him!" the young men exclaimed in concert, looking with pity at the sheik, who, with such magnificent surroundings, sat sad and lonely under the palms.

"His wife, whom he loved so dearly, died from grief at the loss of her son. The sheik then bought a ship, fitted it out, and induced the Frank physician who lives down there by the fountain, to sail with him to the country of the Franks, to search for young Kairam. They set sail, and had a long passage before reaching the land of those Giaours, those Infidels, who had been in Alessandria. But there everything was in a horrible tumult. They had just beheaded their sultan; and the pashas and the rich and the poor were now engaged in taking each other's heads off, and there was no order or law in the land. Their search for little Kairam was a vain one, and the Frank physician finally advised the sheik to embark for home, as their own heads might be endangered by a longer stay. So they came back again; and since their arrival the sheik has lived just as he does today, mourning for his son. And he is in the right. Must he not think, whenever he eats and drinks: 'Perhaps at this moment my poor Kairam hungers and thirsts?' And when he has arranged himself in costly shawls, and holiday suits, as required by his office and rank, must he not think: 'He has probably nothing now with



which to cover his nakedness?' And when he is surrounded by singers, dancers, readers, who are all his slaves, does he not think: 'Now my son may be dancing and making music for his master in the Frank's country, just as he is ordered?' But what pains him most is the fear lest little Kairam, being so far from the land of his fathers, and surrounded by Infidels who jest at his religion, may become separated from the faith of his fathers, so that he will not at the last be able to embrace him in the gardens of paradise. This is what makes him so mild with his slaves, and prompts his large gifts to the poor; for he believes that Allah will recompense him by moving the heart of his son's master to treat Kairam with kindness. Also, on each anniversary of his son's abduction, he sets twelve slaves free."



"I have heard of that," said the writer. "One hears curious stories floating about; but no mention was made to me of the son. But, on the other hand, it is said that the sheik is a singular man, and remarkably fond of stories, and that every year he institutes a story-telling match between his slaves, and the one who tells the best story is rewarded with his freedom."

"Don't put any faith in these reports," said the old man. "It is just as I have told you; it is, however, possible that he seeks the relaxation afforded by a story, on this day of painful recollections; but still he frees the slaves on his son's account. But the night is cold, and I have far to go. *Salaam alaikum*—peace be with you, young gentlemen, and think better, in the future, of the good sheik."

The young people thanked the old man for the information he had given them, glanced once more at the sorrowing father, and walked away saying to one another: "On the whole, I should not care to be the Sheik Ali Banu."

## S

Not long afterward, it so happened that these same young men passed down the street at the hour of morning prayers. The old man and his story recurred to their minds, and they expressed their sympathy for the sheik as they looked up at his house. But how astonished

were they to find the house and grounds gaily decorated! From the roof, where comely slave women were promenading, banners waved; the porch of the house was covered with costly carpets; silks were laid down over the steps, and beautiful cloth, of a texture so fine that most people would have been glad to have a holiday suit cut from it, was spread well into the street.

"Hey! How the sheik has changed in the last few days!" exclaimed the young writer. "Is he about to give a banquet? Will he test the powers of his singers and dancers? Only look at this carpet! Is there another as fine in all Alessandria? And this cloth laid right on the ground; really that is too wasteful!"

"Do you know what I think?" said another. "He must be going to receive some guest of high rank; for these are preparations such as are made when a ruler of a great country or a minister of the sultan blesses a house with his presence. Who can possibly be coming today?"

"Look! Is not that our old friend below? He would be able to give us some information about this. Ho, there! Old gentleman! Can't you come up here a moment?"

The old man noticed their gestures, and approached them, recognizing them as the young men with whom he had conversed some days before. They called his attention to the changes in the sheik's house, and asked him if he knew what distinguished guest was expected.

"You seem to think," replied he, "that Ali Banu has arranged for some festivities, or that he is to be honored by the visit of some great man. Such is not the case; but today is the twelfth day of the month of Ramadan, as you know, and is the day on which his son was taken prisoner."

"But by the beard of the Prophet!" exclaimed one of the young fellows; "everything there has the appearance of a wedding or other festival; and still it is the anniversary of his greatest sorrow. Come, how will you harmonize this discrepancy? Confess that the sheik is somewhat shattered in mind."

"Do you always render such a hasty verdict, my young friend?" asked the old man, smiling. "This time also your arrow was pointed and sharp, and the string of your bow drawn tight; and yet your arrow flew wide of the mark. Know, then, that today the sheik expects his son!"

"Then he is found?" shouted the young men joyfully.

"No, and it will probably be a long time before he is found. But listen: Eight or ten years ago, as the sheik was passing this anniversary in sorrow and lamentations, also freeing slaves and giving food and drink to the poor, it so happened that he also gave food and drink to a dervish, who, tired and faint, lay in the shadow of his house. Now the dervish was a holy man, and experienced in prophecies and the signs of the stars. After his refreshment by the kind hand of the sheik, he went up to him and said: 'I know the cause of your sorrow; is not today the twelfth of Ramadan, and was it not on this day that you lost your son? But cheer up, for this day of sadness shall be changed to one of joy; know that on this same day your son will sometime return to you.'

"Thus spoke the dervish. It would be a sin for a Mussulman to doubt the word of such a man, and although the sorrow of Ali Banu may not have been lessened thereby, yet he continues to look for the return of his son on this day, and adorns his house and porch and steps as though little Kairam might arrive at any moment."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the writer. "But I should like to see the decorations inside the house, and note how the sheik bears himself amongst all this splendor; but, above all, I should like to listen to the tales that are related to him by his slaves."

"Nothing easier to arrange than that," replied the old man. "The steward of the slaves of that house has been my friend these many years, and would not grudge me a seat in the, where, among the crowd of servants and friends of the sheik, a single stranger would not be noticed. I will speak to him about letting you in; there are only four of you, and it might be arranged. Come at the ninth hour to this square, and I will give you an answer."

The young men returned their thanks, and went away full of curiosity to see how all this would end.

The young men were on hand at the appointed hour, and on the square before the sheik's house they met the old man, who told them that the steward would admit them. He went before them, not by way of the decorated steps and gate, but through a little side gate, that he closed carefully after them. Then he led them through many passages until they came to the large *salon*. Here there was a great

crowd on all sides; there were richly dressed men of rank of the city—friends of the sheik, who had come to console him in his sorrow. There were slaves of every race and nation. But everybody wore a sorrowful expression, for they all loved their master and shared his grief. At one end of the *salon*, on a costly divan, sat the nearest friends of Ali Banu, who were waited upon by slaves. Near them, on the floor, sat the sheik, whose grief would not permit him to sit in state. His head was supported in his hands, and he seemed to be paying little attention to the consolations whispered to him by his friends. Opposite him sat some old and young men in slave costume. The old man informed his young friends that these were the slaves whom Ali Banu would free today. Among them were some Franks; and the old man called his friends' special attention to one of them, who was of extraordinary beauty, and was still quite young. The sheik had recently bought him, for an enormous sum, from some slave-dealers of Tunis, and was, notwithstanding his high cost, about to set him free, believing that the more Franks he returned to their fatherland the sooner the Prophet would restore his son.

After refreshments had been handed around, the sheik gave a sign to the steward, who now stood up amid the deep silence that prevailed in the room. He stepped before the slaves who were shortly to be freed, and said in a clear voice: "Men, who will receive your freedom today, through the grace of my master Ali Banu, Sheik of Alessandria, conform now to the custom of this house on this day, and begin your narratives."

After much whispering among themselves, an old slave arose and began his story.



## THE DWARF NOSEY

**Sire!** They are wrong who believe that fairies and magicians existed only at the time of Haroun al Raschid, or who assert that the reports of the doings of the genii and their princes, which one hears on the market-place, are untrue. There are fairies today, and it is not so long ago that I myself was the witness of an occurrence in which genii were concerned.

In an important city of my dear fatherland, Germany, there lived, some years ago, a poor but honest shoemaker and his wife. In the day time he sat at the corner of the street, repairing shoes and slippers, and even made new ones when he could find a customer, although he had to first purchase the leather, as he was too poor to keep any stock on hand. His wife sold vegetables and fruits, raised by her on a small plat before their door, and many people chose to buy of her because she was clean and neatly dressed, and knew how to make the best display of her vegetables.

These worthy people had a pleasant-faced, handsome boy, well-shaped and quite large for a child of eight years. He was accustomed to sit by his mother's side on the market-place, and to carry home a part of the fruit for the women or cooks who bought largely of his mother; and he rarely returned from these errands without a beautiful flower, or a piece of money, or cakes—as the masters of these cooks were always pleased to see the little fellow at their houses, and never failed to reward him generously.



One day the shoemaker's wife sat, as usual, in the market-place; while ranged around her were baskets of cabbages and other vegetables, all kinds of herbs and seeds, and also, in a small basket, early pears, apples, and apricots. Little Jacob—this was the boy's name—sat near her and cried her wares in a manly voice: "This way, gentlemen! See what beautiful cabbages! How sweet-smelling are these herbs! Early pears, ladies! Early apples and apricots! Who buys? My mother offers them cheap."

An old woman came to the market, torn and ragged, with a small sharp-featured face, wrinkled with age, and a crooked pointed nose that nearly reached the chin. She leaned on a long crutch; and it was not easy to see how she got over the ground, as she limped and slid and staggered along, as if she had wheels on her feet, and was in momentary danger of being tilted over and striking her pointed nose on the pavement.



The shoemaker's wife looked attentively at this old woman. For sixteen years she had been in daily attendance at the market, but had never before seen this singular creature. But she involuntarily shrank back, as the old woman tottered towards her and stopped before her baskets.

"Are you Hannah, the vegetable dealer?" asked the old woman, in a harsh cracked voice, her head shaking from side to side.

"Yes, I am she," replied the shoemaker's wife. "Can I do anything for you?"

"We'll see, we'll see! Look at the herbs, look at the herbs, and see whether you have anything I want," answered the old woman as she bent down over the baskets, and, pushing her dark skinny hands down among the herbs, seized the bundles that were so tastefully spread out, and raised them one after another to her long nose, snuffing at every

part of them. It pressed heavily on the heart of the shoemaker's wife to see her rare herbs handled in such a way, but she did not dare to offer any objections, as purchasers were privileged to examine her goods; and, besides this, she experienced a singular fear of the old woman. When she had rummaged through the basket, the old woman muttered: "Miserable stuff! Poor herbs! Nothing there that I want; much better fifty years ago; bad stuff—bad stuff!"

These remarks displeased little Jacob. "You are a shameless old woman!" cried he, angrily. "First you put your dirty brown fingers into the beautiful herbs and rumple them, then you put them up to your long nose, so that anyone who saw it done will never buy them, and then you abuse our wares by calling them poor stuff, when, let me tell you, the duke's cook buys everything of us!"

The old woman squinted at the spirited boy, laughed derisively, and said in a husky voice: "Sonny—sonny! So my nose, my beautiful long nose, pleases you? You shall also have one in the middle of your face to hang down to your chin." While speaking, she slid along to another basket containing cabbages. She took the finest white head up in her hands, squeezed them together till they creaked, flung them down again into the basket in disorder, and repeated once more: "Bad wares! Poor cabbages!"

"Don't wobble your head about so horribly!" exclaimed the boy, uneasily. "Your neck is as thin as a cabbage stem; it might break and let your head fall into the basket; who then would buy of us?"

"Don't you like my thin neck?" muttered the old woman, laughing. "You shall have none at all, but your head shall stick into your shoulders, so as not to fall from your little body."

"Don't talk such stuff to the child!" said the shoemaker's wife, indignant at the continued inspection, fingering and smelling of her wares. "If you want to buy anything, make haste; you are driving off all my other customers."

"Good! It shall be as you say," cried the old woman, grimly. "I will take these six heads of cabbage. But look here, I have to lean on my crutch and cannot carry anything; let your little son carry my purchases home; I will reward him."



The child was unwilling to go, and began to cry, as he was afraid of the ugly old woman; but his mother bade him go, as she considered it a sin to burden a weak old woman with so heavy a load. Half crying, he obeyed her; gathered the cabbages together in a towel, and followed the old woman from the market.



She went so slowly that it was three quarters of an hour before she reached a remote part of the city, and finally stopped before a tumble-down house. Then she drew a rusty old hook from her pocket, and inserted it skillfully into a small hole in the door, which sprung open with a bang.

But how surprised was little Jacob as he entered! The interior of the house was splendidly fitted up; the ceilings and walls were of marble; the furniture of the finest ebony, inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl; while the floor was of glass, and so smooth that the boy slipped and fell several times. The old woman then drew a silver whistle from her pocket and whistled a tune that resounded shrilly through the house. In response to this, some Guinea-pigs came down the stairs; but, as seemed strange to Jacob, they walked upright on two legs, wore nutshells in place of shoes, and had on clothes and even hats of the latest fashion.

“Where are my slippers, you rabble?” demanded the old woman, striking at them with her crutch as they sprang squeaking into the air. “How long must I stand here waiting?”

The pigs rushed quickly up the stairs, and soon returned, bringing a pair of coconut shells lined with leather, which the old woman put on. Now all her limping and stumbling disappeared. She threw her staff away, and glided with great rapidity over the glass floor, pulling little Jacob along by the hand. At last she stopped in a



room containing all kinds of furniture, that bore some resemblance to a kitchen, although the tables were mahogany, and the divans were covered with rich tapestry, suitable for a room of state.

"Take a seat," said the old woman pleasantly, placing Jacob in a corner of the divan and moving the table before him, so that he could not well get out of his seat. "Sit down; you have had a heavy load to carry. Human heads are not so light, not so light."

"But, madame, what strange things you say!" cried the boy. "I am really tired; but then I carried cabbage-heads that you bought of my mother."

"Eh! You are mistaken," laughed the old woman, as she lifted the cover of the basket and took out a human head by the hair. The child was frightened nearly out of his wits. He could not imagine how this had occurred; but he thought at once of his mother, and that if anyone were to hear of this she would certainly be arrested.

"I must now give you a reward for being so polite," muttered the old woman. "Have patience for a little while, and I will make you a soup that you will never forget as long as you live." With this she whistled once more. Thereupon many Guinea-pigs, all in clothes, came in; they had kitchen aprons tied around them, and in their waistbands were ladles and carving-knives. After these, a lot of squirrels came leaping in, dressed in wide Turkish trousers, standing upright, and wearing little velvet caps on their heads. They seemed to be the scullions, as they raced up and down the walls and brought pans and dishes, eggs and butter, herbs and meal, which they placed on the hearth. Then the old woman glided across the floor in her coconut shoes, bustled about now here and now there, and the boy saw she was about to cook him something.

Now the fire crackled and blazed up; then the kettle began to smoke and steam; an agreeable odor was spread through the room: while the old woman ran back and forth, followed by the squirrels and Guinea-pigs, and whenever she came to the fire she stopped to stick her long nose into the pot. Finally the soup began to bubble and boil, clouds of steam shot up into the air, and the



froth ran over into the fire. Thereupon the old woman took the kettle off, poured some of its contents into a silver bowl, and placed the same before little Jacob, saying:

“There, sonny, there, eat some of this soup, and you shall have those things that so pleased you about me. You will also become a clever cook; but herbs—no, you will never find such herbs; why didn’t your mother have them in her basket.”

The boy did not understand very well what she said, but he gave his whole attention to the soup, which was very much to his taste. His mother had often prepared him nice food, but never anything that could equal this. The fragrance of choice herbs and spices rose from his soup, which was neither too sweet nor too sour, and very strong.

While he was swallowing the last drops from the bowl, the Guinea-pigs burned some Arabic incense, the blue smoke of which swept through the room. Thicker and thicker became these clouds, till they filled the room from floor to ceiling. The odor of the incense had a magical effect on the boy; for, cry as often as he would that he must go back to his mother, at every attempt to rouse himself he sank back sleepily, and finally fell fast asleep on the old woman’s divan. He dreamed strange dreams. It seemed to him that the old woman was pulling off his clothes, and giving him in their place the skin of a squirrel. Now he could leap and climb like a squirrel; he associated with the other squirrels and with the Guinea-pigs, all of whom were very nice well-bred people, and in common with them, thought himself in the service of the old woman. At first his duties were those of a shoe-black—that is, he had to put oil on the coconuts that served the old woman for slippers, and rub them until they shone brightly. However, as he had often done similar work at home, he was quite skillful at it.

After the first year—as it seemed to him in his dream—he was given more genteel employment; with other squirrels, he was occupied in catching floating particles of dust, and when they had accumulated enough of these particles, they rubbed them through the finest hair sieve, for the old woman considered these dust atoms to be something superb, and as she had lost her teeth, she had her bread made of them.

After another year’s service, he thought, he was placed in the ranks of those whose duty it was to provide the old woman with

drinking-water. You must not suppose that she had had a cistern sunk, or placed a barrel in the yard to catch rain-water for this purpose; no, there was much more refinement displayed; the squirrels—and Jacob among them—had to collect the dew of the roses in hazelnut shells for the old woman's drink. And as she was a very thirsty body, the water-carriers had a hard time of it.

In the course of another year he was given some inside work, such as the position of floor-cleaner; and as the floor was of glass, on which even a breath would gather, he had no easy task. They had to sweep it, and were required to do their feet up in old cloths, and in that condition step around the room.

In the fourth year he was employed in the kitchen. This was a position of honor that could be attained only after a long apprenticeship. Jacob served there, rising from a scullion to be first pastry-cook, and soon acquired such uncommon cleverness and experience in all arts of the kitchen, that he often wondered at himself. The most difficult dishes—such as pasties seasoned with two hundred different essences, and vegetable soup consisting of all the vegetables on earth—all this he was learned in, and could prepare anything speedily.

Thus had some seven years passed in the service of the old woman, when one day she took off her coconut shoes, grasped her crutch, and ordered Jacob to pluck a chicken, stuff it with herbs, and have it all nicely roasted by the time she came back. He did all this in accordance with the rules of his art. He wrung the chicken's neck, scalded it in hot water, pulled out the feathers, scraped the skin till it was nice and smooth, and, having drawn it, began to collect some herbs for the dressing. In the room where the vegetables were kept he discovered a closet which he had never noticed before, the door of which stood ajar. He went nearer, curious to see what was kept there; and beheld many baskets, from which a powerful but pleasant odor arose. He opened one of these baskets and found therein herbs of quite peculiar shape and color. The stems and leaves were of a bluish-green, and bore a small flower of brilliant red, bordered with gold. He examined



this flower thoughtfully, smelt of it, and discovered that it gave forth the same strong odor that he had inhaled from the soup the old woman had cooked for him so long ago. But so strong was the fragrance that he began to sneeze; he sneezed more and more violently, and at last—woke up, sneezing.

He lay on the divan and looked around him in astonishment. "Really, how true one's dreams do seem!" said he to himself. "Just now I should have been willing to swear that I was a mean little squirrel, the companion of Guinea-pigs and other low creatures, and from them exalted to be a great cook! How my mother will laugh when I tell her all this! But may she not scold me for going to sleep in a strange house, instead of hurrying back to help her at the market-place?"

So thinking, he got up to go away; but found his limbs cramped, and his neck so stiff that he could not move it from side to side. He had to laugh at himself for being so helplessly sleepy; for every moment, before he knew it, he was striking his nose on a clothes-press, or on the wall, or knocked it against the door-frame when he turned around quickly. The squirrels and Guinea-pigs were whining around him, as if they wanted to accompany him, and he actually gave them an invitation to do so, as he stood upon the threshold, for they were nice little creatures; but they rushed quickly back into the house on their nutshells, and he could hear them squeaking from a distance.



It was a remote quarter of the city into which the old woman had led him, and he had difficulty in finding his way out of the narrow alleys; besides, he was in the midst of a crowd who seemed to have discovered a dwarf in the vicinity, for all around him he heard shouts of: "Hey! Look at the ugly dwarf! Where does the dwarf come from? Why, what a long nose he has! And look at the way his head sticks into his shoulders, and his ugly brown hands!" At any other time, Jacob would willingly have joined them, as it was one of the delights of his life to see giants or dwarfs, or any rare and strange sights; but now he felt obliged to hurry back to his mother.

He was rather uneasy in his mind when he arrived at the market. His mother still sat there, and had quite a quantity of fruit in the basket; so that he could not have slept very long after all. But still he noticed, before reaching her, that she was very sad, as she did not call on the passers to buy, but supported her head in her hand; and when he came nearer he thought her much paler than usual. He hesitated as to what he should do, but finally mustered up courage to slip up behind her, laid his hand confidently on her arm and said: "Mother, what is the matter? Are you angry with me?"

His mother turned around, but on perceiving him sprang back with a cry of horror.

"What do you want with me, ugly dwarf?" cried she. "Be off with you! I will not stand such tricks!"

"But, mother, what is the matter with you?" asked Jacob, in a frightened way. "You are certainly not well; why do you chase your son away from you?"



"I have already told you to go your way," replied Hannah, angrily. "You will get no money from me by your jugglery, you hateful monster!"

"Surely, God has taken away her understanding!" said the child, sorrowfully, to himself. "What means shall I take to get her home? Dear mother, only be reasonable now; just look at me once closely; I am really your son, your Jacob."

"This joke is being carried too far," cried Hannah to her neighbor. "Only look at this hateful dwarf, who stands there and keeps away all my customers, besides daring to make a jest of my misfortune. He says to me, 'I am your son, your Jacob,'—the impudent fellow!"

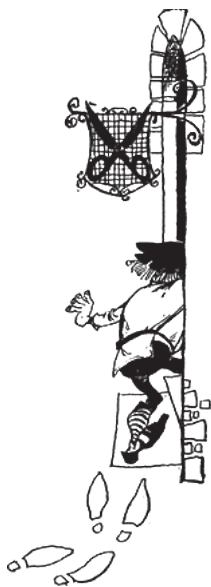
Upon that Hannah's neighbors all got up and began to abuse him as wickedly as they knew how—and market-women, as you know, understand it pretty well—ending by accusing him of making sport of the misfortune of poor Hannah, whose son, beautiful as a picture, had been stolen from her seven years ago: and they threatened to fall upon him in a body, and scratch his eyes out, if he did not at once go away.

Poor little Jacob knew not what to make of all this. Was it not true that he had gone to the market as usual with his mother, early this morning? That he had helped her arrange the fruits, and afterwards had gone with the old woman to her house, had there eaten a little soup, had indulged in a short nap, and come right back again? And now his mother and her neighbors talked about seven years, and called him an ugly dwarf! What, then, had happened to him?

When he saw that his mother would not hear another word from him, tears sprang into his eyes, and he went sadly down the street to the stall where his father mended shoes. "Now I will see," thought he, "whether my father will not know me. I will stop in the doorway and speak to him." On arriving at the shoemaker's stall, he placed himself in the doorway, and looked in. The master was so busily occupied with his work, that he did not notice him at first, but when by chance he happened to look at the door, he let shoes, thread and awl drop to the ground, and exclaimed in affrights "In heaven's name! What is that? What is that?"

"Good evening, master," said the boy, as he stepped inside the shop. "How do you do?"

"Poorly, poorly, little master," replied the father, to Jacob's great surprise; as he also did not seem to recognize him. "My business does not flourish very well, I have no one to assist me, and am getting old; and yet an apprentice would be too dear."





"But have you no little son, who could one of these days assist you in your work?" inquired the boy.

"I had one, whose name was Jacob, and who must now be a tall active fellow of twenty, who could be a great support to me were he here. He must lead a happy life now. When he was only twelve years old he showed himself to be very clever, and already understood a good deal about the trade. He was pretty and pleasant too. He would have attracted custom, so that I should not have to mend anymore, but only make new shoes. But so it goes in the world!"

"Where is your son, then?" asked Jacob, in a trembling voice.

"God only knows," replied the old man. "Seven years ago—seven years!—he was stolen from us on the market-place."

"Seven years ago!" exclaimed Jacob in amazement.

"Yes, little master, seven years ago. I remember as though it were but yesterday how my wife came home weeping, and crying that the child had been gone the whole day, that she had inquired and searched everywhere, but could not find him. I had often said that it would turn out so; for Jacob was a beautiful child, as everybody said, and my wife was so proud of him, and was pleased when the people praised him, and she often sent him to carry vegetables and the like to the best houses. That was all well enough; he was richly rewarded every time; but I always said: 'Take care! The city is large, and many bad people live in it. Mind what I say about little Jacob?' Well, it turned out as I had predicted. An ugly old woman once came to the market, haggled over some fruits and vegetables, and finally bought more than she could carry home. My wife—compassionate soul—sent the child with her; and from that hour we saw him no more!"

"And that was seven years ago you say?"

"It will be seven years in the spring. We had him cried on the streets, and went from house to house and inquired for him. Many had known and loved the pretty youngster, and now searched with us; but all in vain. Nor did anyone know who the woman was that had bought the vegetables; but a decrepit old woman, some ninety years of age,



said that it was very likely the wicked witch Kraeuterweiss, who comes once in every fifty years to the city to make purchases."

Such was the story Jacob's father told him; and when the shoemaker had finished, he pegged away stoutly at his shoe, drawing the thread out with both fists as far as his arms could reach.

By and by Jacob comprehended what had happened to him, namely: that he had not dreamed at all, but that he must have served the wicked witch as a squirrel for seven years. Anger and grief so swelled his heart that it almost broke. The old woman had stolen seven years of his youth; and what had he received as compensation therefor? The ability to make coconut slippers shine brightly; to clean a glass floor; and all the mysteries of cooking that he had learned of the Guinea-pigs. He stood there a long time thinking over his fate, when his father finally asked him: "Is there anything in my line you would like, young master? A pair of new slippers, or," he added, smiling, "perhaps a covering for your nose."

"What's that about my nose?" asked Jacob. "What do I want of a cover for it?"

"Well," responded the shoemaker, "every one to his taste; but I must say this much to you: if I had such a terrible nose, I would make for it a case of rose-colored patent leather. Look! I have a fine piece of it in my hand here; it would take at least a yard. But how well your nose would be protected! As it is now, I know you can't help striking your nose on every door-post, and against every wagon that you try to get out of the way of."

Jacob stood mute with terror. He felt of his nose; it was thick, and at least two hands long! So, too, had the old woman changed his figure so that his mother did not know him, and everybody had called him an ugly dwarf!

"Master," said he, half crying, "have you a mirror handy, where I can look at myself?"

"Young master," replied his father gravely. "You do not possess a figure that should make you vain, and you can have no reason to look in a glass every hour. Break off the habit; it is an especially silly one for you to indulge in."



“Oh, do but let me look in the glass!” cried Jacob. “I assure you it is not from vanity I ask it.”

“Leave me in peace—I have none. My wife has a small one, but I don’t know where she keeps it. But if you are bound to look in a glass, across the street lives Urban, the barber, who has a mirror twice as large as your head; look into that; and in the meantime, good morning!”

With these words, his father pushed him gently out of the door, closed it after him, and sat down once more to his work. Jacob, very much cast-down, went across the street to Urban, whom he had known well in the past.

“Good morning, Urban,” said he to the barber. “I have come to beg a small favor of you; be so good as to let me look into your glass a moment.”

“With pleasure; there it is,” laughed the barber, and his customers, who were waiting for a shave, laughed with him. “You are a pretty fellow, tall and slim, with a neck like a swan, hands like a queen, and a stumpy nose that can not be equalled for beauty. You are a little vain of it, to be sure; but keep on looking; it shall not be said of me that I was so jealous I would not let you look in my glass.”

The barber’s speech was followed by shouts of laughter that fairly shook the shop. Jacob, in the meantime, had approached the mirror and looked at his reflection in the glass. Tears came into his eyes. “Yes, surely you could not recognize your little Jacob, dear mother,” thought he. “He did not look thus in those joyful days when you paraded with him before the people!”

His eyes had become small, like those of the pigs; his nose was monstrous, and hung down over his mouth and chin; the neck seemed to have entirely disappeared, as his head sank deeply into his shoulders, and it was only with the greatest effort that he could move it to the right or left. His body was still of the same height as seven years before; but what others gain from the twelfth to the twentieth year in height, he made up in breadth. His back and breast were drawn out rounding, so as to present the appearance of a small but closely-packed sack. This stout, heavy trunk was placed on thin, weak legs that did not seem able to support the weight. But still larger were his

arms; they were as large as those of a full-grown man; his hands were rough, and of a yellowish-brown; his fingers long and spindling, and when he stretched them down straight he could touch the ground with their tips without stooping. Such was the appearance of little Jacob, who had grown to be a misshapen dwarf.



He recalled now the morning on which the old woman had come up to his mother's baskets. Everything that he had criticised about her—the long nose, the ugly fingers, everything—she had inflicted on him; only the long trembling neck she had left out entirely.

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## ABNER, THE JEW, WHO HAD SEEN NOTHING

Sire, I am from Mogadore, on the coast of the Atlantic, and during the time that the powerful Emperor Muley Ismael reigned over Fez and Morocco, the following incident occurred, the recital of which may perhaps amuse you. It is the story of Abner, the Jew, who had seen nothing.

Jews, as you know, are to be found everywhere, and everywhere they are Jews—sharp, with the eye of a hawk for the slightest advantage to be gained; and the more they are oppressed the more do they exhibit the craft on which they pride themselves. That a Jew may sometimes, however, come to harm through an exhibition of his smartness, is sufficiently shown by what befel Abner, one afternoon, as he took his way through the gates of Morocco for a walk.

He strode along with a pointed hat on his head, his form enveloped in a plain and not excessively clean mantle, taking from time to time a stolen pinch from a gold box that he took special pains to conceal. He stroked his mustaches, and in spite of the restless eyes that expressed fear, watchfulness, and the desire to discover something that could be turned to account, a certain satisfaction was apparent in his shifting countenance, which plainly denoted he must have recently concluded some very good bargains. He was doctor, merchant, and everything else that brought in money. He had this day sold a slave with a secret defect, had bought a camel-load of gum very cheap, and had prepared the last dose for a wealthy patient—not the last before his recovery, but the last before his death.



He had just emerged from a small thicket of palm and date trees, when he heard the shouts of a number of people running after him. They were a crowd of the emperor's grooms, headed by the master of the horse, looking about them on all sides as they ran, as if in search of something.

"Philistine!" panted the master of the horse. "Have you not seen one of the emperor's horses, with saddle and bridle on, run by?"

"The best racer to be seen anywhere, a small neat hoof, shoes of fourteen carat silver, a golden mane, fifteen hands high, a tail three and a half feet long, and the bit of his bridle of twenty-three carat gold?"

"That's he!" cried the master of the horse. "That's he!" echoed the grooms. "It is Emir," said an old riding-master. "I have warned the Prince Abdallah not to ride Emir without a snaffle. I know Emir, and said beforehand he would throw the prince, and though his bruises should cost me my head, I warned him beforehand. But quick! Which way did he go?"

"I haven't seen a horse at all!" returned Abner, smiling. "How then can I tell you where the emperor's horse ran?"

Astonished at this contradiction, the gentlemen of the royal stables were about to press Abner further, when another event occurred, that interfered with their purpose.

By one of those singular chances of which there are numerous examples, the empress's lap-dog had turned up missing; and a number of black slaves came running up, calling at the top of their voices: "Have you seen the empress's lap-dog?"

"A small spaniel," said Abner, "that has recently had a litter, with hanging ears, bushy tail, and lame in the right fore-leg?"

"That's she... Her own self!" chorused the slaves. "That's Aline; the empress went into fits as soon as her pet was missed. Aline, where are you? What would become of us if we were to return to the harem without you? Tell us quickly, where did you see her run to?"

"I have not seen any dog, and never knew that my empress—God preserve her—owned a spaniel!"

The men from the stable and harem grew furious at Abner's insolence, as they termed it, in making jests over the loss of imperial

property; and did not doubt for a moment that Abner had stolen both dog and horse. While the others continued the search, the master of the horse and the chief eunuch seized the Jew, and hurried him, with his half-sly and half-terrified expression, before the presence of the emperor.

Muley Ismael, as soon as he heard the charge against Abner, sent for his privy-counsellor, and, in view of the importance of the subject, presided over the investigation himself. To begin with, fifty lashes on the soles of the feet were awarded the accused. Abner might whine or shriek, protest his innocence or promise to tell everything just as it had happened, recite passages from the Scripture or from the Talmud; he might cry: "The displeasure of the king is like the roar of a young lion, but his mercy is like dew on the grass," or "Let not thy hand strike when thy eyes and ears are closed." Muley Ismael made a sign to his slaves, and swore by the beard of the Prophet, and his own, that the Philistine should pay with his head for the pains of the Prince Abdallah and the convulsions of the empress, if the runaways were not restored.

The palace of the emperor was still resounding with the shrieks of the Jew, as the news was brought that both dog and horse had been found. Aline was surprised in the company of some pug dogs, quite respectable curs, but not fit associates for a court lady; while Emir, after tiring himself out with running, had found the fragrant grass on the green meadows by the Tara brook suited his taste better than the imperial oats, like the wearied royal huntsman who, having lost his way on the chase, forgot all the delicacies of his own table as he ate the black bread and butter in a peasant's hut.

Muley Ismael now requested of Abner an explanation of his behavior, and the Jew saw that the time had come, although somewhat late, when he could answer; which, after prostrating himself three times before his highness's throne, he proceeded to do in the following words:

"Most high and mighty Emperor, King of Kings, Sovereign of the West, Star of Justice, Mirror of Truth, Abyss of Wisdom, you who gleam like gold, sparkle like a diamond, and are as inflexible as iron! Hear me, as it is permitted your slave to lift his voice in your august

presence. I swear by the God of my fathers, by Moses and the Prophets, that I never saw your sacred horse, and the amiable dog of my gracious empress, with the eyes of my body. But listen to my explanation.

“I walked out to refresh myself after the fatigues of the day, and in the small wood where I had the honor to meet his excellency, the master of the horse, and his vigilancy, the black overseer of your blessed harem, I perceived the trail of an animal in the fine sand between the palms. As I am well acquainted with the tracks of various animals, I at once recognized these as the footprints of a small dog; other traces near the prints of the fore-paws where the sand seemed to be lightly brushed away, assured me that the animal must have had beautiful pendant ears; and as I noticed how, at long intervals, the sand was brushed up, I thought: the little creature has a fine bushy tail that must look something like a tuft of feathers, and it has pleased her now and then to whip up the sand with it. Nor did it escape my observation that one paw had not made as deep an imprint on the sand as the others; unfortunately, therefore, it could not be concealed from me that the dog of my most gracious empress—if it is permitted me to say it aloud—limped a little.

“Concerning your highness’s horse, I would say that on turning into a path in the wood I came upon the tracks of a horse. I had no sooner caught sight of the small noble hoof-print of the fine yet strong frog of the foot, than I said in my heart; a horse of the Tschenner stock, of which this must have been one of the noblest specimens, has passed by here. It is not quite four months since my most gracious emperor sold a pair of this breed to a prince in the land of the Franks, and my brother Ruder was there when they agreed on the price, and my most gracious emperor made so and so much by the transaction. When I saw how far apart these hoof-prints were, and how regular were the distances between them, I thought: that horse galloped beautifully and gently and could only be owned by my emperor; and I thought of the war horse described by Job: *‘He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted: neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.’* And as I saw something glistening on the ground, I stooped down, as I always do in such cases, and lo, it



was a marble stone in which the hoof of the running horse had cut a groove, from which I perceived that the shoe must have been of fourteen carat silver, as I have learned the mark each metal makes, be it pure or alloyed. The path in which I walked was seven feet wide, and here and there I noticed that the dust had been brushed from the palms; the horse switched it off with his tail, thought I, which must therefore be three and a half feet long. Under trees that began to branch about five feet from the ground, I saw freshly-fallen leaves, that must have been knocked off by the horse in his swift flight; hence he was fully fifteen hands high; and behold, under the same trees were small tufts of hair of a golden lustre, hence his hide would have been a yellow-dun! Just as I emerged from the copse, my eye was caught by a deep scratch on a wall of rock. I ought to know what caused this, thought I, and what do you think it was? I put a touchstone, dusted over, on the scratch, and got an impression of some fine hairlines such as for fineness and precision could not be excelled in the seven provinces of Holland. The scratch must have been caused by the stem of the horse's bit grazing the rock, as he ran close by it. Your love of splendor is well-known. King of Kings; and one should know that the most common of your horses would be ashamed to champ anything less fine than a golden bit. Such was the result of my observations, and if..."

"Well, by the cities of the Prophet!" cried Muley Ismael, "I call that a pair of eyes! Such eyes would not harm you, master of the huntsmen; they would save you the expense of a pack of hounds; you, minister of the police, could see further than all your bailiffs and spies. Well, Philistine, in view of your uncommon acuteness, that has pleased us so well, we will show you clemency; the fifty lashes that you justly received are worth fifty zecchini, as they will save you fifty more; so draw your purse and count out fifty in cash, and refrain in the future from joking over our imperial property; as for the rest, you have our royal pardon."

The whole court were astonished at Abner's sagacity, and his majesty, too, had declared him to be a clever fellow; but all this did not recompense him for the anguish he suffered, nor console him for the loss of his dear ducats. While groaning and sighing, he took one coin after another from his purse, and before parting with it weighed

it on the tip of his finger. Schnuri, the king's jester, asked him jeeringly whether all his zecchini were tested on the stone by which the bit of Prince Abdallah's dun horse was proved. "Your wisdom today has brought you fame," said the jester; "but I would bet you another fifty ducats that you wish you had kept silent. But what says the Prophet? 'A word once spoken can not be overtaken by a wagon, though four fleet horses were harnessed to it.' Neither will a greyhound overtake it, Mr. Abner, even if it did not limp."

Not long after this (to Abner) painful event, he took another walk in one of the green valleys between the foothills of the Atlas range of mountains. And on this occasion, just as before, he was overtaken by a company of armed men, the leader of whom called out:

"Hi! My good friend! Have you not seen Goro, the emperor's black bodyguard, run by? He has run away, and must have taken this course into the mountains."

"I can not inform you, General," answered Abner.

"Oh! Are you not that cunning Jew who had seen neither the dog nor the horse? Don't stand on ceremony; the slave must have passed this way; can you not scent him in the air? Or can you not discover the print of his flying feet in the long grass? Speak! The slave must have passed here; he is unequalled in killing sparrows with a pea-shooter, and this is his majesty's greatest diversion. Speak up! Or I will put you in chains!"

"I can not say I have seen what I have yet not seen."

"Jew, for the last time I ask, where is the slave? Think on the soles of your feet; think on your zecchini!"

"Oh, woe is me! Well, if you will have it that I have seen the sparrow-shooter, then run that way; if he is not there, then he is somewhere else."

"You saw him, then?" roared the general.

"Well, yes, Mr. Officer, if you will have it so."

The soldiers hastened off in the direction he had indicated; while Abner went home chuckling over his cunning. Before he was twenty-four hours older, however, a company of the palace guards defiled his house by entering it on the Sabbath, and dragged him into the presence of the Emperor of Morocco.

“Dog of a Jew!” shouted the emperor. “You dare to send the imperial servants, who were pursuing a fugitive, on a false scent into the mountains, while the slave was fleeing towards the coast, and very nearly escaped on a Spanish ship. Seize him, soldiers! A hundred on his soles, and a hundred zecchini from his purse! The more his feet swell under the lash, the more his purse will collapse.”

You know, O Sire, that in the kingdom of Fez and Morocco the people love swift justice; and so the poor Abner was whipped and taxed without consulting his own inclinations beforehand. He cursed his fate, that condemned his feet and his purse to suffer every time it pleased his majesty to lose anything. As he limped out of the room, bellowing and groaning, amidst the laughter of the rough court people, Schnuri, the jester, said to him: “You ought to be contented, Abner, ungrateful Abner; is it not honor enough for you that every loss that our gracious emperor—whom God preserve—suffers, likewise arouses in your bosom the profoundest grief? But if you will promise me a good fee, I will come to your shop in Jews Alley an hour before the Sovereign of the West is to lose anything, and say: ‘Don’t go out of your house, Abner; you know why; shut yourself up in your bedroom under lock and key until sunset.’”



This, O Sire, is the story of *Abner, the Jew, Who had seen Nothing*.

When the slave had finished, and everything was quiet in the *salon*, the young writer reminded the old man that the thread of their discourse had been broken, and requested him to declare wherein lay the captivating power of tales.

“I will reply to your question,” returned the old man. “The human spirit is lighter and more easily moved than water, although that is tossed into all kinds of shapes, and by degrees, too, bores through the thickest objects. It is light and free as the air, and, like that element, the higher it is lifted from earth, the lighter and purer it is. Therefore is there an inclination in humanity to lift itself above the common events of life, in order to give itself the freer play accorded in more lofty domains, even if it be only in dreams. You yourself, my young friend, said to me:

'We lived in those stories, we thought and felt with those beings,' and hence the charm they had for you. While you listened to the stories of yonder slaves, that were only fictions invented by another, did you also use your imagination? You did not remain in spirit with the objects around you, nor were you engrossed by your everyday thoughts: no, you experienced in your own person all that was told; it was you yourself to whom this and that adventure occurred, so strongly were you interested in the hero of the tale. Thus your spirit raised itself, on the thread of such a story, over and away from the present, which does not appear so fair or have such charms for you. Thus this spirit moved about, free and unconfined in a strange and higher atmosphere; fiction became reality to you—or, if you prefer, reality became fiction—because your imagination and being were absorbed into fiction."

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## THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN

Sire, I am a German by birth, and have been in your country too short a time to be able to entertain you with a Persian tale or an amusing story of sultans and viziers. You must, therefore, permit me to tell you a story of my native land. Sad to say, our stories are not always as elevated as yours—that is, they do not deal with sultans or kings, nor with viziers and pashas, that are called ministers of justice or finance, privy-counsellors, and the like, but they treat very modestly (soldiers sometimes excepted) of persons outside of official life.



In the southern part of Germany lies the town of Grünwiesel, where I was born and bred. It is a town identical with its neighbors; in its centre a small marketplace with a town-pump, on one corner a small old townhall, while built around the square were the houses of the justice of the peace and the well-to-do merchants, and, in a few narrow streets that opened out of the square, lived the rest of the citizens.

Everybody knew everybody else; everyone knew all that was going on; and if the minister, or the mayor, or the doctor had an extra dish on the table, the whole town would know of it before dinner was over. On afternoons, the wives went out to coffee parties, as we call them, where, over strong coffee and sweet cakes, they gossiped of the great events of the day, coming to the conclusion that the minister must have invested in a lottery ticket and won an unchristian amount of money, that the mayor was open to a bribe, and that the apothecary paid the doctor well to write costly prescriptions. You may therefore imagine, Sire, how unpleasant it was for an orderly town like Grünwiesel, when a man came there of whom nothing was known—not even where he came from, what he wanted there, or on what he lived. The mayor, to be sure, had seen his passport, a paper that everyone is compelled to have in our country...



“Is it, then, so unsafe on the street,” interrupted the sheik, “that you must have a firman<sup>1</sup> from your sultan in order to protect yourselves from robbers?”

“No, Sire,” replied the slave, “these passports do not protect us from thieves, but are only a regulation by which the identity of the holder is everywhere established.”



Well, the mayor had investigated this strange man’s passport and at a gathering at the doctor’s house had said that it had been found all right from Berlin to Grünwiesel, but there must be some cheat in it, as the man was a suspicious-looking character. The mayor’s opinion being entitled to great weight in Grünwiesel, it is no wonder that from that time forth the stranger was looked upon with suspicion. And his course of life was not adapted to change this opinion of my countrymen.

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[1] An edict or administrative order issued by or in the name of a Middle Eastern sovereign (formerly by an Ottoman Turkish sultan).



The stranger rented an entire house that had formerly been unoccupied, had a whole wagon full of singular furniture—such as stoves, ranges, frying pans, and the like—put in there, and lived there alone by himself. Yes, he even cooked for himself; and not a single soul entered his house, with the exception of an old man living in Grünwiesel, who made purchases for him of bread, meat, and vegetables. Still, even this old man was only allowed to step inside the door, where he was always met by the stranger, who relieved him of his bundles.



I was ten years of age when this man came to our town, and I can today recall the uneasiness which his presence caused, as clearly as though it had all happened yesterday. He did not come in the afternoon, like the other men, to the bowling alley; nor did he visit the inn in the evening, to discuss the news over a pipe of tobacco. It was in vain that, one after another, the mayor, the 'squire, the doctor, and the minister invited him to dinner or to lunch; he always excused himself. Thus it was that some believed him crazy; others took him to be a Jew; while a third party firmly insisted that he was a magician or sorcerer.

I grew to be eighteen, twenty years old, and still this man passed under the name of "the strange gentleman." There came a day, however, on which some fellows came to our town leading a number of strange animals. They were a rough lot of vagrants, who had a camel that would kneel, a bear that danced, some dogs and monkeys looking very comical in clothes and playing all sorts of tricks.

These vagrants generally go through the town, stopping at all the cross streets and squares, making a horrible tumult with a small drum and fife, compelling their animals to dance and perform tricks, and then collect money in the houses. But the band, which was now exhibiting in Grünwiesel, was distinguished above others of its class by the presence of a monster orang-outang, nearly as large as a human being, which walked on two legs, and could perform all manner of clever tricks. This dog-and-ape-troupe stopped before the house of the strange gentleman. At the sound of the fife and drum, the latter appeared at

the dust-dimmed window, looking rather displeased; but after a time his face lighted up, and, to everybody's surprise, he opened the window, looked out, and laughed heartily at the tricks of the orang-outang, and even gave such a large silver coin to the show that the whole town spoke of it.

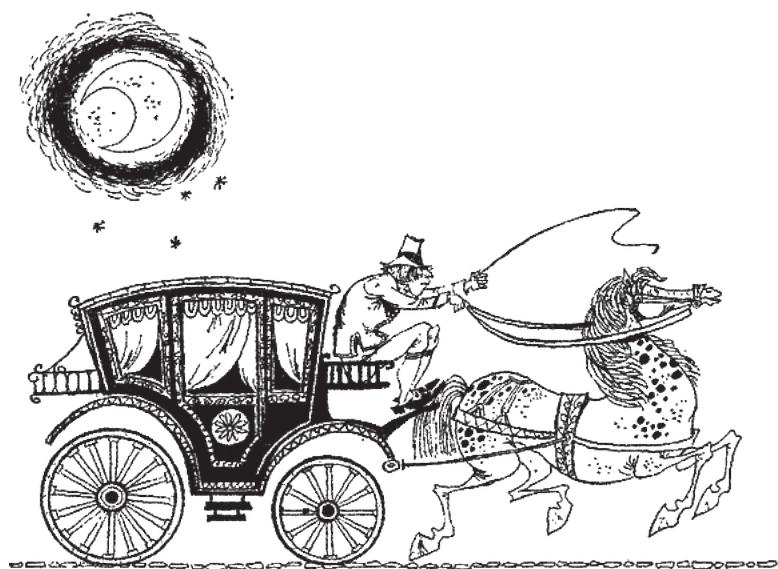


On the following day these vagrants left the place. The camel carried a large number of baskets in which the dogs and monkeys sat demurely, while the men and the big ape walked behind the camel. They had hardly been gone an hour, however, when the strange gentleman sent to the post, and ordered, to the astonishment of the postmaster, a carriage with post-horses, and shortly drove through the same gate, out on the same road that had been taken by the band of men and monkeys. The whole town was vexed because it could not be learned where he was bound. Night had set in before the strange gentleman returned to the gate. But another person sat in the wagon with him, who pressed his hat down over his face, and had bound up his mouth and ears in a silk handkerchief. The gate-keeper held it to be his duty to question the other stranger, and to ask him for his passport; he answered, however, very roughly, muttering away in a quite unintelligible language.

"It is my nephew," said the strange gentleman, pleasantly, to the gate-keeper, as he pressed some silver coin into his hand; "it is my nephew, who does not at present understand very much German. He was just now cursing in his own dialect at our being stopped here."

"Well, if he is your nephew," replied the gate-keeper, "of course a pass is not necessary. He will probably lodge with you?"

“Certainly,” said the strange gentleman, “and will most likely remain here some time.”



The gate-keeper had no further objections to make, so the strange gentleman and his nephew drove into the town. The mayor and citizens, however, were not very well pleased with the action of the gate-keeper. He might at least have taken notice of a few words of the nephew's dialect, so that thereby it might have been easily ascertained from what country he and his uncle originally came. On this the gate-keeper asserted that his dialect was neither French nor Italian, but it sounded broad enough to be English.

Thus did the gate-keeper help himself out of disgrace, and at the same time supply the young man with a name. For everybody now was talking about the young Englishman.

But, like his uncle, the young Englishman did not show himself either at the bowling alley or the beer table; but yet he gave the people much to busy themselves about in another way. For instance, it often happened that, in the formerly quiet house of the strange gentleman, such fearful cries and noises were heard, that the people would crowd together



before the house and look up at the windows. They would then see the young Englishman, clad in a red coat and green knee-breeches, with bristly hair, and a frightened expression, run by the windows, and through all the rooms, with inconceivable rapidity, chased by his uncle, wearing a red dressing gown, with a hunting whip in his hand; he often missed hitting him, but after a time the crowd felt sure that the young man had been caught, as the most pitiable cries and whiplashings were heard.

The ladies of the town now felt such a lively sympathy for the young man who was treated so cruelly that they finally prevailed on the mayor to take some steps in the matter. He wrote the strange gentleman a note, in which he expressed his opinion very emphatically about the way the young Englishman had been treated, and threatened that if any more such scenes occurred he would take the young man under his own protection.



But who could have been more astonished than was the mayor, when, for the first time in ten years, he saw the strange gentleman enter his house! The old gentleman excused his conduct, on the ground that it was in accordance with the expressed charge of the young man's parents, who had sent their son to him to be educated. This youth was in other respects wise and forward for his years, but he did not learn languages easily; and he was very anxious to teach his nephew to speak German fluently, that he might take the liberty of introducing him to the society of Grünwiesel. And yet this language seemed so hard for him to acquire, that often there was nothing left to

do but to whip it into him. The mayor expressed himself well satisfied with these explanations, only advising moderation on the old man's part; and he said that evening, over his beer, that he had seldom seen so intelligent and clever a man as the strange gentleman. "It is a pity," added he, in conclusion, "that he comes so little into society; still, I think that when the nephew is a little further advanced in German, he will visit my circle oftener."

Through this single circumstance, the public opinion of the town was completely changed. The stranger was looked upon as a clever man, wishes for his better acquaintance were freely expressed, and when, now and then, a terrible shriek was heard to come from the house, the Grünwiesel people simply said: "He is giving his nephew lessons in the German language," and ceased to block up the street before his house, as they had been wont to do on hearing those cries. In the course of three months the German exercises seemed to be finished, as the old gentleman took another step in the education of his nephew. There lived a feeble old Frenchman in the town, who gave the young people lessons in dancing. The old gentleman sent for him one day, and told him that he wished his nephew to be instructed in dancing. He gave him to understand that while the young man was quite docile, yet where dancing was concerned he was rather peculiar; he had, for instance, once learned how to dance from another master, but so singular were the figures taught him, that he could not be taken out into society. But then his nephew believed himself to be a great dancer, notwithstanding the fact that his dancing did not bear the slightest resemblance to a waltz or a gallopade. As for the rest, he promised the dancing-master a thaler a lesson; and the Frenchman announced himself as ready to begin the instruction of this peculiar pupil. Never in the world, as the Frenchman privately asserted, was there anything so extraordinary as these dancing lessons. The nephew, quite a tall, slim young man, whose legs were still much too short, would make his appearance, finely dressed in a red coat, loose green trousers, and kid gloves. He spoke but little, and with a foreign accent, was at the beginning fairly clever and well-behaved, but would suddenly break into the wildest leaps, danced the boldest figures that took away the master's sight and speech; and if he attempted to set him right again, the young man would draw off

his dancing shoes, and throw them at the master's head, and then get down on the floor and run about on all fours. Summoned by the noise, the old gentleman would then rush out of his room, attired in a loose red dressing gown, with a gold-paper capon his head, and lay the hunting whip on the back of the young man without mercy. The nephew would thereupon scream frightfully, spring upon tables and bureaus, and cry out in an odd foreign tongue. The old man in the red dressing gown would at length catch him by the leg, drag him down from a table, beat him black and blue, and choked him by twisting his cravat, whereupon he would become clever and decent again, and the dancing exercise would continue without further interruption.

But when the Frenchman had advanced his pupil so far that music could be used during the lesson, there was a magical change in the nephew's behavior. A town musician was called in, and given a seat on the table in the *salon* of the desolate house. The dancing-master would then represent a lady, the old gentleman furnishing him with a silk dress and an Indian shawl; and the nephew would request the lady to dance with him. The young Englishman was a tireless dancer, and would not let the Frenchman escape out of his long arms, but forced him to dance, in spite of his groans and cries, till he fell down from fatigue, or until the fiddler's arm became too lame to keep up the music.

The dancing-master was nearly brought to his grave by these lessons, but the thaler that he received regularly every day, and the good wine that the old man set out for him, caused him to keep on, even though he firmly resolved each day not to enter the desolate house again.





But the inhabitants of Grünwiesel took an altogether different view of the matter. They found that the young man must have sociable qualities; while the young ladies rejoiced that, in the great scarcity of young men, they should have so nimble a dancer for the forthcoming winter.

One morning the maids, on returning from market, reported to their mistresses a wonderful occurrence. Before the desolate house, a splendid coach, with beautiful horses, was drawn up, with a footman in rich livery holding open the door. Thereupon the door of the desolate house was opened, and two richly dressed gentlemen stepped out, one of whom was the old gentleman and the other probably the young Englishman, who had had such a hard time in learning German, and who danced so actively. Both men took seats in the coach, the footman sprang up on the rack at the back, and the coach—just think of it!—had been driven up to the mayor's door.

As soon as the ladies had heard these stories from their servants, they tore off their kitchen aprons and caps, and dressed themselves in state. "Nothing is more certain," they exclaimed to their families, while all were running about to set the parlor in order, "nothing is more certain than that the stranger is about to bring his nephew out. The old fool has not had the decency to set his foot in our house for ten years; but we will pardon him on account of the nephew, who must be a charming fellow." Thus said the ladies, and admonished their sons and daughters to appear polite if the strangers came, to stand up straight, and also to take more pains than usual in their speech. And the wise women of the town were not wrong in their calculations, as the old gentleman went the rounds with his nephew, to recommend himself and the young Englishman to the favor of the Grünwiesel families.

Everywhere the people were quite charmed with the appearance of the two strangers, and felt sorry that they had not made the acquaintance of these agreeable gentlemen earlier. The



old gentleman showed himself to be a worthy, sensible man, who, to be sure, smiled a little over all he said, so that one was not quite sure whether he was in earnest or not; but he spoke of the weather, of the suburbs, and of the summer pleasures in the cave on the mountain side, so wisely and elaborately that everyone was charmed with him. But the nephew! He bewitched everybody; he took all hearts by storm.

Certainly, so far as his exterior was concerned, his face could not be called handsome; the under part, the chin especially, protruded too far, and his complexion was exceedingly dark; then, too, he frequently made all sorts of singular grimaces, closing his eyes and gnashing his teeth; but in spite of all this, the contour of his face was found to be unusually interesting. Nothing could be more athletic than his figure. His clothes, it is true, hung somewhat loosely and unevenly on his body; but he was pleased with everything; he flew about the room with uncommon activity, threw himself here on a sofa and then in an armchair, and stretched out his legs before him. But what in another young man would have been considered vulgar and unseemly, passed in the case of the nephew for agreeableness. "He is an Englishman," they would say, "they are all like that; an Englishman can lie down on a sofa and go to sleep while ten ladies stand up for lack of a seat; we shouldn't take it amiss in an Englishman." He was very watchful, however, of the old gentleman, his uncle; and when he began to spring about the room, or, as he seemed constantly inclined to do, put his feet up in a chair, a serious look served to make him behave himself a little better. And then, how could anyone take anything amiss, when the uncle on entering would say to the lady of the house: "My nephew is still somewhat coarse and uncultured, but I am sanguine that a little society will do much to polish his manners, and I therefore recommend him to you with my whole heart."

Thus was the nephew brought into society, and all Grünwiesel spoke of nothing else for two whole days. The old gentleman did not stop with this, however, but set about changing his entire course of life. In the afternoon, in company with his nephew, he would go out to the cave on the mountain, where the most respectable gentlemen of Grünwiesel drank beer and played at bowls. The nephew there showed himself to be an accomplished master of the sport, as he never bowled



down less than five or six pins. Now and then, it is true, a singular spirit seemed to control him. He would, for instance, often chase a ball with the speed of an arrow, right down among the pins, and there set up all kinds of strange noises; or when he had knocked down the king, or made a strike, he would stand on his beautifully curled head, and throw his feet into the air; or when a wagon rattled by, he would be found, before he was fairly missed from the room, on the driver's seat, would ride a short distance, and then come back.



On these occasions, the old gentleman was accustomed to beg pardon of the mayor and the other gentlemen, for the antics of his nephew; but they laughed, charged it all to the account of his youth, asserted that at his age they were also as nimble, and loved the harum-scarum chap, as they called him, uncommonly well.

But there were also times when they were not a little vexed with him, and yet they did not venture to make any complaints, because the young Englishman passed everywhere as a model of culture and intelligence. The old gentleman was accustomed to take his nephew with him every evening to the "Golden Hirsch," an inn of the town. Although the nephew was quite a young man, he did all that his elders did, placed his glass before him, put on an enormous pair of spectacles, produced a mighty pipe, lighted it, and blew his smoke among them mischievously. If the papers, or war, or peace, were spoken of, and the doctor and the mayor fell into a discussion on these subjects, surprising all the other gentlemen by their deep political knowledge, the nephew was quite liable to interpose very forcible objections; he would strike the table with his hand, from which he never drew the

glove, and gave the doctor and the mayor very plainly to understand that they had not any correct information on these subjects; that he had heard all about them himself, and possessed a deeper insight into them. He then gave expression to his own views, in singular broken German, which received, much to the disgust of the mayor, the approval of all the other gentlemen; for he must, naturally, as an Englishman, understand all this much better than they.

Then, when the mayor and doctor, to conceal the anger they did not dare express, sat down to a game of chess, the nephew would come up, look over the mayor's shoulders with his great goggles, and find fault with this and that move, and tell the doctor he must move thus and so, until both men were secretly burning with anger. If then the mayor challenged him to play a game, with the design of mating him speedily—as he held himself to be a second Philidor—the old gentleman would grasp his nephew by the cravat, whereupon the young man at once became quiet and polite, and gave mate to the mayor.

They had been accustomed to play cards of an evening at Grünwiesel, at half a kreuzer a game for each player; this the nephew thought was a miserable stake, and laid down crown-thalers and ducats himself, asserting that not one of them could play as well as he, but generally consoled the insulted gentlemen by losing large sums of money to them. They suffered no twinges of conscience in this taking of his money. "He is an Englishman, and inherits his wealth," said they, as they shoved the ducats into their pockets.

Thus did the nephew of the strange gentleman establish his respectability in the town in a very short time. The oldest inhabitants could not remember having ever seen a young man of this style in Grünwiesel, and he created the greatest sensation that had ever been known there. It could not be said that the nephew had learned anything more than the art of dancing; Latin and Greek were to him, as we were wont to express it, "Bohemian villages."



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## THE STORY OF ALMANSOR

Sire, the men who have preceded me have told wonderful stories which they had heard in strange lands; whilst I must confess with shame that I do not know a single tale that is worthy of your attention. Nevertheless if it will not weary you, I will relate the strange history of one of my friends.

On the Algerian privateer, from which your generous hand set me free, was a young man of my own age who did not seem to have been born to the slave-costume that he wore. The other unfortunates on the ship were either rough, coarse people, with whom I did not care to associate or people whose language I did not understand; therefore, every moment that I had to myself was spent in the company of this young man. He called himself Almansor, and, judging from his speech, was an Egyptian. We were well pleased to be in each other's society, and one day we chanced to tell our stories to one another; and I discovered that my friend's story was far more remarkable than my own. Almansor's father was a prominent man in an Egyptian city, whose name he failed to give me. The days of his childhood passed pleasantly, surrounded by all the splendor and comfort earth could give. At the same time, he was not too tenderly nurtured, and his mind was early cultivated: for his father was a wise man who taught him the value of virtue, and provided him with a teacher who was a famous scholar, and who instructed him in all that a young man should know. Almansor was about ten years old when the Franks came over the sea to invade his country and wage war upon his people.

The father of this boy could not have been very favorably regarded by the Franks, for one day, as he was about to go to morning prayers, they came and demanded first his wife as a pledge of his faithful adherence to the Franks, and when he would not give her up, they seized his son and carried him off to their camp.



When the young slave had got this far in his story, the sheik hid his face in his hands, and there arose a murmur of indignation in the *salon*. "How can the young man there be so indiscreet?" cried the friends of the sheik, "and tear open the wounds of Ali Banu by such stories, instead of trying to heal them? How can he recall his anguish, instead of trying to dissipate it?" The steward, too, was very angry with the shameless youth, and commanded him to be silent. But the young slave was very much astonished at all this, and asked the sheik whether there was anything in what he had related that had aroused his displeasure. At this inquiry, the sheik lifted his head, and said: "Peace, my friends; how can this young man know anything about my sad misfortune, when he has not been under this roof three days! Might there not be a case similar to mine in all the cruelties the Franks committed? May not perhaps this Almansor himself... But proceed, my young friend!"

The young slave bowed, and continued:



The young Almansor was taken to the enemy's camp. On the whole, he was well treated there, as one of the generals took him into his tent, and being pleased with the answers of the boy that were interpreted to him, took care to see that he wanted for nothing in the way of food and clothes. But the homesickness of the boy made him very unhappy. He wept for many days; but his tears did not move the hearts of these men to pity. The camp was broken, and Almansor believed that he was now about to be returned to his home; but it was not so. The army moved here and there, waged war with the Mamelukes<sup>1</sup>, and took the young Almansor with them wherever they went. When he begged the generals to let him return home, they would refuse, and tell

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[1] Members of a military class, originally composed of slaves. They seized control of the Egyptian sultanate in 1250, ruled until 1517, and remained powerful until massacred or dispersed by Mehemet Ali in 1811.

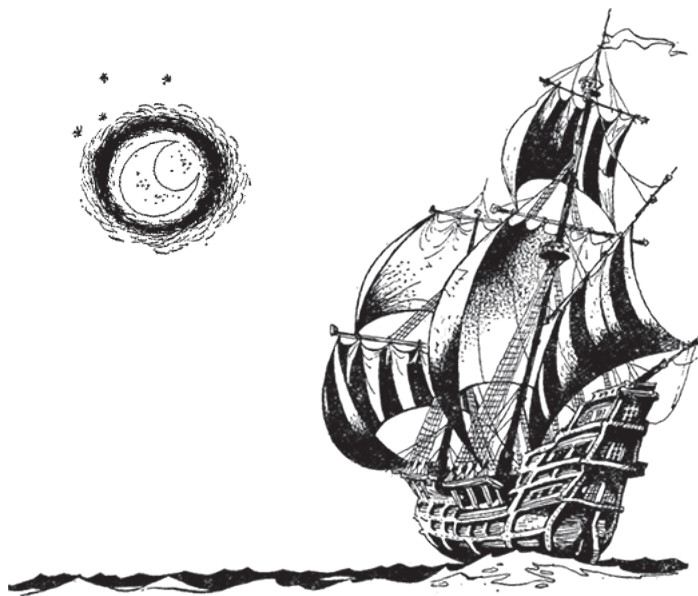
him that he would have to remain with them as a hostage for his father's neutrality. Thus was he for many days on the march.

One day, however, there was a great stir in camp, and it did not escape the attention of the boy. There was talk about breaking camp, or withdrawing the troops, of embarking on ships; and Almansor was beside himself with joy. "For now," he reasoned, "when the Franks are about to return to their own country, they will surely set me at liberty." They all marched back towards the coast, and at last reached a point from which they could see their ships riding at anchor. The soldiers began to embark, but it was night before many of them were on the vessels. Anxious as Almansor was to keep awake—for he believed he would soon be set at liberty—he finally sank into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he found himself in a very small room, not the one in which he had gone to sleep in. He sprang from his couch; but when he struck the floor, he fell over, as the floor reeled back and forth, and everything seemed to be moving and dancing around him. He at last got up, steadied himself against the walls, and attempted to make his way out of the room.

A strange roaring and rushing was to be heard all about him. He knew not whether he waked or dreamed; for he had never heard anything at all like it. Finally he reached a small staircase, which he climbed with much difficulty, and what a sensation of terror crept over him! For all around nothing was to be seen but sea and sky; he was on board a ship! He began to weep bitterly. He wanted to be taken back, and would have thrown himself into the sea with the purpose of swimming to land if the Franks had not held him fast. One of the officers called him up, and promised that he should soon be sent home if he would be obedient, and represented to him that it would not have been possible to send him home across the country, and that if they had left him behind he would have perished miserably.



But the Franks did not keep faith with him; for the ship sailed on for many days, and when it finally reached land, it was not the Egyptian, but the Frankish coast.



During the long voyage, and in their camp too, Almansor had learned to understand and to speak the language of the Franks; and this was of great service to him now, in a country where nobody knew his own language. He was taken a long journey through the country, and everywhere the people turned out in crowds to see him; for his conductors announced that he was the son of the King of Egypt, who was sending him to their country to be educated. The soldiers told this story to make the people believe that they had conquered Egypt, and had concluded a peace with that country. After his journey had continued several days, they came to a large city, the end of their journey. There he was handed over to a physician, who took him into his home and instructed him in all the customs and manners of the Franks.

First of all, he was required to put on Frankish clothes, which he found very tight, and not nearly as beautiful as his Egyptian costume. Then he had to abstain from making an obeisance with crossed arms, but when he wished to greet anyone politely, he must, with one hand, lift from his head the monstrous black felt hat that had been



given him to wear, let the other hand hang at his side, and give a scrape with his right foot. He could no longer sit down on his crossed legs, as is the proper custom in the Levant, but he had to seat himself on a high-legged chair, and let his feet hang down to the floor. Eating also caused him not a little difficulty; for everything that he wished to put in his mouth he had to first stick on a metal fork.

The doctor was a very harsh, wicked man, given to teasing the boy; for when the lad would forget himself and say to an acquaintance, "*Salaam alaikum!*" the doctor would beat him with his cane telling him he should have said, "*Votre serviteur!*" Nor was he allowed to think, or speak, or write in his native tongue; at the very most, he could only dream in it; and he would doubtless have entirely forgotten his own language, had it not been for a man living in that city, who was of the greatest service to him.

This was an old but very learned man, who knew a little of every Oriental language: Arabic, Persian, Coptic, and even Chinese. He was held in that country to be a miracle of learning, and he received large sums of money for giving lessons in these languages. This man sent for Almansor several times a week, treated him to rare fruits and the like; and on these occasions the boy felt as if he were at home once more in his own country. The old gentleman was a very singular man. He had some clothes made for Almansor, such as Egyptian people of rank wore. These clothes he kept in a particular room in his house, and whenever Almansor came, he sent him with a servant to this room and had the boy dressed after the fashion of his own country.

From there the boy was taken to a *salon* called "Little Arabia." This *salon* was adorned with all kinds of artificially-grown trees—such as palms, bamboos, young cedars, and the like; and also with flowers that grew only in the Levant. Persian carpets lay on the floor, and along the walls were cushions, but nowhere Frankish tables or chairs. Upon one of these cushions the old professor would be found seated, but presenting quite a different appearance from common. He had wound a fine Turkish shawl about his head for a turban, and had fastened on a gray beard, that reached to his sash, and looked for all the world, like the



genuine beard of an important man. With these he wore a robe that he had had made from a brocaded dressing gown, baggy Turkish trousers, yellow slippers, and, peaceful as he generally was, on these days he had buckled on a Turkish sword, while in his sash stuck a dagger set with false stones. He smoked from a pipe two yards long, and was waited on by his servants, who were likewise in Persian costumes, and one half of whom had been required to color their hands and face black.



At first all this seemed very strange to the youthful Almansor; but he soon found that these hours could be made very useful to him, were he to join in the mood of the old man. While at the doctor's he was not allowed to speak an Egyptian word, here the Frankish language was forbidden. On entering, Almansor was required to give the peace-greeting, to which the old Persian responded spiritedly, and then he would beckon the boy to sit down near him, and began to speak Persian, Arabic, Coptic, and all languages, one after another, and considered this a learned Oriental entertainment. Near him stood a servant—or, as he was supposed to be on these days, a slave—who held a large book. This book was a dictionary; and when the old man stumbled in his words, he beckoned to the slave, looked up what he wanted to say, and then continued his speech.

The slaves brought in sherbet in Turkish vessels and to put the old man in the best of humors, Almansor had only to say that everything here was just as it was in the Levant. Almansor read Persian beautifully, and it was the chief delight of the old man to hear him. He had many Persian manuscripts, from which the boy read to him, then

the old man would read attentively after him, and in this way acquired the right pronunciation. These were holidays for little Almansor, as the professor never let him go away unrewarded, and he often carried back with him costly gifts of money or linen, or other useful things which the doctor would not give him.

So lived Almansor for some years in the capital of the Franks; but never did his longing for home diminish. When he was about fifteen years old, an incident occurred that had great influence on his destiny. The Franks chose their leading general—the same with whom Almansor had often spoken in Egypt—to be their king. Almansor could see by the unusual appearance of the streets and the great festivities that were taking place, that something of the kind had happened; but he never once dreamed that this king was the same man whom he had seen in Egypt, for that general was quite a young man. But one day Almansor went to one of the bridges that led over the wide river which flowed through the city, and there he perceived a man dressed in the simple uniform of a soldier, leaning over the parapet and looking down into the water. The features of the man impressed him as being familiar, and he felt sure of having seen him before. He tried to recall him to memory; and presently it flashed upon him that this man was the general of the Franks with whom he had often spoken in camp, and who had always cared kindly for him. He did not know his right name, but he mustered up his courage, stepped up to him, and, crossing his arms on his breast and making an obeisance, addressed him as he had heard the soldiers speak of him among themselves: "*Salaam alaikum, Little Corporal!*"

The man looked up in surprise, cast a sharp look at the boy before him, recalled him after a moment's pause, and exclaimed: "Is it possible! You here, Almansor? How is your father? How are things in Egypt? What brings you here to us?"

Almansor could not contain himself longer; he began to weep, and said to the man: "Then you do not know what your countrymen—the dogs—have done to me, Little Corporal? You do not know that in all this time I have not seen the land of my ancestors?"



"I cannot think," said the man, with darkening brow, "I cannot think that they would have kidnapped you."

"Alas," answered Almansor, "it is too true. On the day that your soldiers embarked, I saw my fatherland for the last time. They took me away with them, and one general, who pitied my misery, paid for my living with a hateful doctor, who beats and half starves me. But listen, Little Corporal," continued he confidentially, "it is well that I met you here; you must help me."



The man whom he thus addressed, smiled, and asked in what way he should help him.

"See," said Almansor, "it would be unfair for me to ask much from you; you were very kind to me, but still I know that you are a poor man, and when you were general you were not as well-dressed as the others, and now, judging from your coat and hat, you cannot be in very good circumstances. But the Franks have recently chosen a sultan, and beyond doubt you know people who can approach him—the minister of war, maybe, or of foreign affairs, or his admiral; do you?"

"Well, yes," answered the man; "but what more?"

"You might speak a good word for me to these people, Little Corporal, so that they would beg the sultan to let me go. Then I should need some money for the journey over the sea; but, above all, you must promise me not to say a word about this to either the doctor or the Arabic professor!"

"Who is the Arabic professor?"

"Oh, he is a very strange man; but I will tell you about him some other time. If these two men should hear of this, I should not be able to get away. But will you speak to the minister about me? Tell me honestly!"

"Come with me," said the man; "perhaps I can be of some use to you now."

"Now?" cried the boy, in a fright. "Not for any consideration now; the doctor would whip me for being gone so long. I must hurry back!"

"What have you in your basket?" asked the soldier, as he detained him. Almansor blushed, and at first was not inclined to show the contents of his basket; but finally he said: "See, Little Corporal, I must do such services as would be given to my father's meanest slave. The doctor is a miserly man, and sends me every day an hour's distance from our house to the vegetable and fish-market. There I must make my purchases among the dirty market-women, because things may be had of them for a few coppers less than in our quarter of the city. Look! On account of this miserable herring, and this handful of lettuce, and this piece of butter, I am forced to take a two hours' walk every day. Oh, if my father only knew of it!"



The man whom Almansor addressed was much moved by the boy's distress, and answered: "Only come with me, and don't be afraid. The doctor shall not harm you, even if he has to go without his herring and salad today. Cheer up, and come along." So saying, he took Almansor by the hand and led him away with him; and although the boy's heart beat fast when he thought of the doctor, yet there was so much assurance in the man's words and manner, that he resolved to go with him. He therefore walked along by the side of the man, with his basket on his arm, through many streets; and it struck him as very wonderful that all the people took off their hats as they passed along and paused to look after them. He expressed his surprise at this to his companion, but he only laughed and made no reply.

Finally they came to a magnificent palace. "Do you live here. Little Corporal?" asked Almansor.

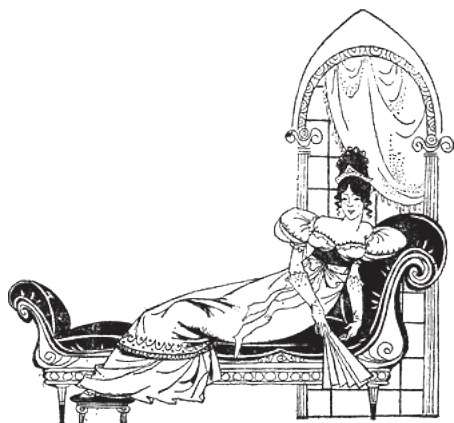
"This is my house, and I will take you in to see my wife," replied the soldier.

"Hey! How finely you live! The sultan must have given you the right to live here free."

"You are right; I have this house from the emperor," answered his companion, and led him into the palace. They ascended a broad staircase, and on coming into a splendid *salon*, the man told the boy to set down his basket, and he then led him into an elegant room where a lady was sitting on a divan.

The man talked with her in a strange language, whereupon they both began to laugh, and the lady then questioned the boy in

the Frankish language about Egypt. Finally the Little Corporal said to the boy: "Do you know what would be the best thing to do? I will lead you myself to the emperor, and speak to him for you!"



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